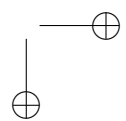
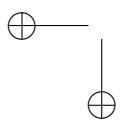
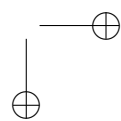
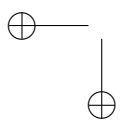
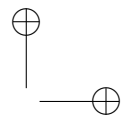
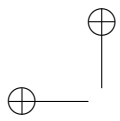
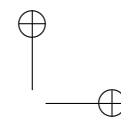


LOOK WHO'S A MOTHER!



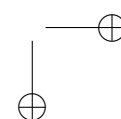
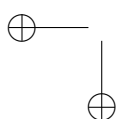


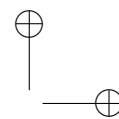
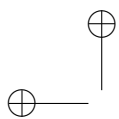


LOOK WHO'S A MOTHER
A BOOK ABOUT BABIES
FOR PARENTS,
EXPECTANT AND OTHERWISE

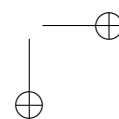
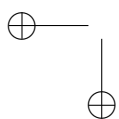
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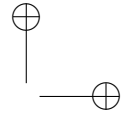
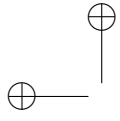
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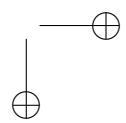
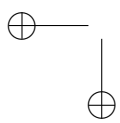


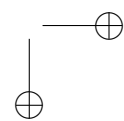
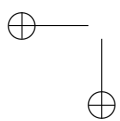
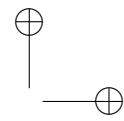
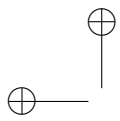
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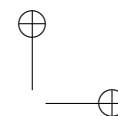
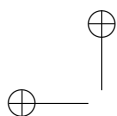




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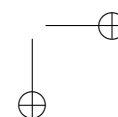
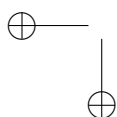


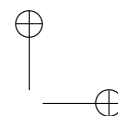
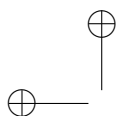


PREFACE
FROM LAYOUTS TO LAYETTES

It all seems like a dream – those cloistered days when I worked at retail advertising instead of wholesale motherhood. Those lighthearted years when I kneaded the typewriter and layout pad instead of the quilted pad and carrot. Can I be the same helium-filled female who warbled aggressively cheerful “Rhymes About Town” for *This Week Magazine* and wrote glib little inspirational pieces urging housewives to be glamorous when their noble, work-weary mates checked in from a hard day at the office? Sisters, I apologize.

Though I struggle to glamour up by 6 P.M., as advised by the storybooks, I’m afraid my powder and lipstick look as though they had been applied by an astigmatic blowtorch. For babies must be bottled, dried, and bedded down just at the time Prince Charming arrives. And babies don’t behave like magazine covers. They squirm, writhe, snarl, guffaw, and spit cereal to the ceiling. In addition, their milk, with prune pulp and cod liver oil sandwiched in among the ounces, is notably inimical to make-up. The entire menu frequently gets in Mother’s hair, and when it’s impossible to visit the hairdresser more than once in two weeks the coiffure suffers. After months of effort on my part, the baby still looks better than I do as Father comes capering in to inspect Little Attila and the Madonna of the Nursery.



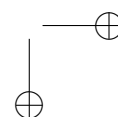
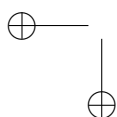


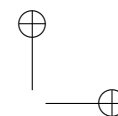
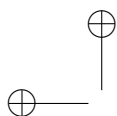
Though I worked in an excessively busy and vocal advertising office before Tarzan arrived, it was a restful ivory tower compared to home life. Bread-winning may be hard work, but there is an end to a day at the office, while woman's work goes on and on far into the night – when Junior hits the midnight bottle. Then at dawn he's ready to go again,

Furthermore, there is no privacy in the home. In an office you can occasionally close the door, and there's a receptionist to protect you. At home, on the other hand, your nonworking lady friends drop in unannounced and, feeling like good Samaritans, consume that precious fraction of an hour which you had planned to use for reading, writing, and household arithmetic. They all come with the best intentions in the world, for they think, "Poor, dear Margaret. She must be lonesome, tied down at home with a baby."

Then, too, if you're fortunate enough to have a maid, light conversation is continuous and inevitable. "Whatcha want for dinner?" "Whatcha want for lunch?" Oh, those carefree hours at soda fountains and restaurants, bolting impromptu sardines and unpremeditated chops! Oh, to be surprised just once more by a ham on rye, or a scrambled egg! Any dish would be a pleasure if I could get it without having it hashed over in advance like a peace treaty. Career girls, gather ye hot dogs while ye may, for once you settle down to a healthy, happy home life the surprise element is out.

The only suspense left in life where food is concerned occurs when the little crabapple of your eye gulps at the bottle. Will he lap it all up with appropriate bubbles, or stall a third of the way down and engage you in jujitsu? If you're contemplating motherhood, dear erstwhile office mates, get your nerves in shape for those hours you'll encounter sooner or later when Little Tarzan puts you on the rack. Once you let him become aware of his power over women, he will keep you playing mouse to his cat.



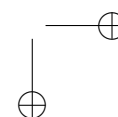
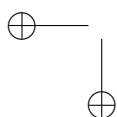


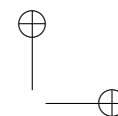
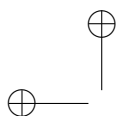
Sterilizing bottles, making the formula, bathing the acrobat, and drying him and his clothes are all duck soup compared to enticing food down his gullet – if he wants to play and has you by the nose. All the chores and privations of motherhood will seem like a day at the races if he will only eat. Even being Tied Down won't bother you if he obliges and thrills you by finishing in the prescribed twenty minutes instead of stopping on the six-ounce line, one ounce down and six to go.

Having finally figured out for myself that Tarzan's captious eating was the result of nothing but a series of days when his after-breakfast snooze and his one-thirty siesta had been disturbed, I feel I have conquered the world. Nothing I ever did in business gave me the sense of triumphant achievement I get out of seeing him eagerly finish his bottle and beans. Now I know too much handling, dandling, and excitement will spoil a baby's appetite. There was a time when I'd interrupt a nap for doting relatives who demanded an unveiling. Now I've made up my mind he's a baby, not an exhibit, and nothing short of fire or an earthquake can come between him and Morpheus.

Even the trivia of a woman's life are subject to radical change when she switches from business to babies. Most of her clothes – which aren't trivial at all, since they help keep her happy – must be washable. Jewelry, fake and otherwise, must be shelved if it has sharp points.

If I could choose, I'd have a terrace or a yard in which to sleep and sun him so that he wouldn't acquire a taste for motion. It isn't at all restful to let him screech in public, which he will do when the wheels stop rolling. But pushing him constantly to quiet him is a mistake: he becomes boss instantly and is completely unscrupulous about yelling from then on to get his way.





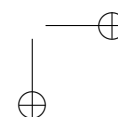
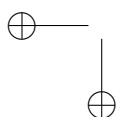
That part of baby rearing, at least, is like big business. Vice-presidents also yell and carry on to make it clear who's boss. But they never terrified me the way my "helpless" little darling can. I've been browbeaten by experts, but the workouts they gave me were a bed of sweetheart roses compared to the manhandling I'd get from my pride and joy were I to knuckle under.

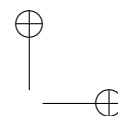
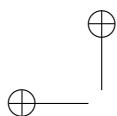
When he screams with a violence that would give any adult apoplexy, Mother must steel herself and believe implicitly it is not appendicitis. The fact that he sounds like a wild animal only proves he's human.

But with all his faults I love him still. Though he means hard work, he gives me a rosy glow of satisfaction even while my eyes prickle from lack of sleep. I spent a decade in advertising and only nine months evolving my tadpole, but I really have something to show for those months. Though millions of other women have had millions of other babies, I am more proud of him than of any poem or story I ever produced. Which, I guess, means that I'm just plain normal.

Now I sneer complacently at cynical sophisticates who say having a baby is the lowest form of human endeavor. I beam when friends "oh" and "ah" over him. Though I planned not to bore my pals with dull, domestic anecdotes, I boast of him shamelessly, even while I reflect that sensible folk do not trumpet their triumphs in any other field of accomplishment. You don't expect a surgeon to strut his prowess in the operating room and babble, "You should have seen the gorgeous appendectomy I did this morning!" You wouldn't tolerate an artist who told you he had painted a masterpiece and who wanted to bore you with details about all its fine points.

Yet a mother will go on forever yammering about *her* feat – which, at that, she didn't accomplish singlehanded.



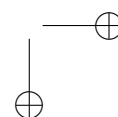
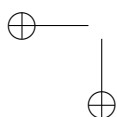


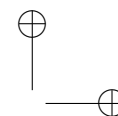
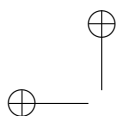
I don't know why we act that way. Perhaps it's Nature, or the law of compensation putting rose-colored glasses on eyes that might otherwise find home and motherhood too nerve-racking, back-breaking, monotonous, and confining.

Though I vowed while pregnant that I would never persecute friends by bombarding them with vital statistics, I give them all the fascinating facts concerning Tarzan's weight, height, digestive processes, and coloring – all of which make him unique to me and no one else. I am as stubbornly bird-brained as all the mothers who, in my spinster days, invited me to dinner, insisting that I must rush, soiled and weary, from the office to the tub-side, that I might see Snooks splash, in the high chair, and then in bed. Miracles, all, to Mamma, but no earth-shaking spectacle to her unwilling guests. Even so, they have to appear impressed that Little Dodo can crawl, pull up in her play pen, cut a tooth, or take a few staggering steps alone before falling on her face and bursting into ear-splitting screams. Not that her noise interrupts the conversation; there is no conversation while Baby is on parade.

I have no excuse to offer for having been sucked into the maternal morass that engulfs a woman once she hatches a descendant. My eyes were open. I had been bludgeoned by experts armed with endless snapshots and drivel, all centering around the bassinet. Now I carry one of those giant, over-the-shoulder handbags in order to accommodate my Burton Holmes pictorial travelogue so that my reluctant audience can behold Tarzan's penguin gait, his ravishing smile, and his acrobatics in his battered stroller.

The stroller itself is another reminder of the revolutionary changes that take place when a woman becomes a mother. Time was when I passed all prams and go-carts without seeing either vehicle or occupant. Now I scrutinize each model from springs to inmate. Naturally, I don't expect to gush over a

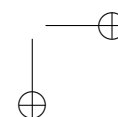
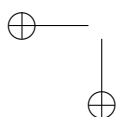


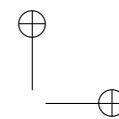
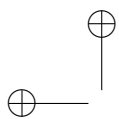


little stranger or tiny acquaintance as much as her mother gushes over *my* product. Mine is outstanding, livelier, and more striking in both behavior and build. But I do throw the other mommas a frequent bouquet of pretty compliments on Lynn's apple-blossom skin or Johnny's precocious vocabulary. Of course we avidly compare notes on how much and what our children consume, how many teeth they have, and how apt they are in cooperating with the "Toidy Seat." Shades of my sardonic past should haunt me! I can well remember the days when the coy name "Toidy Seat" alone gave me rising gorge, and when I thought any woman feeble-minded who became absorbed in her child's plumbing. Now, after Tarzan has had a bout with constipation, I am as breathless with excitement and anticipation over what is in the offing as I ever was over the contents of a Tiffany box.

Need I point out to all you ladies who are about to give the birth rate another boost that the moral of all this is: since you're going to have a baby, you might as well know now that you're going to like it.

M. F.





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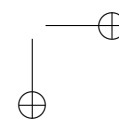
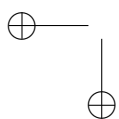
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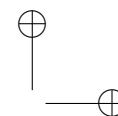
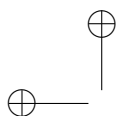
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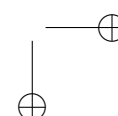
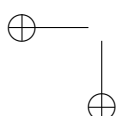
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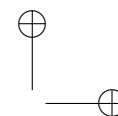
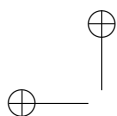
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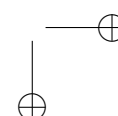
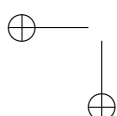
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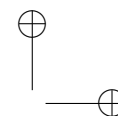
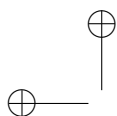




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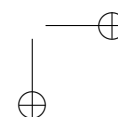
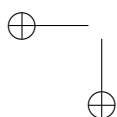


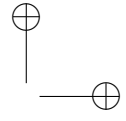
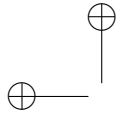


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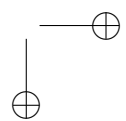
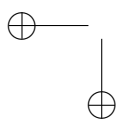
WILD LIFE

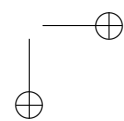
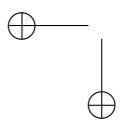
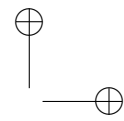
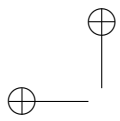
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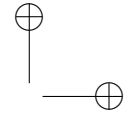
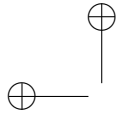




WHAT'S COOKING?





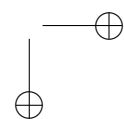
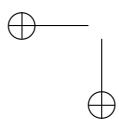


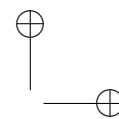
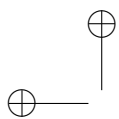
**REPLY TO AN INVITATION
TO COME TO TEA AND
SEE THE BABY BEDDED DOWN**

Thank you for offering to share
Your pride and joy, your son and heir,
With one whose life does not include
The highly spiritual food
Available to those who rear
A child from its initial year.

Although I may be, on the whole,
Exceptionally short of soul,
Unmitigated infancy,
As such, does not appeal to me.
I have no deep conviction that
Association with a brat
(No matter how absurdly small)
Improves the character at all.
Nor do I think that little ones
Mix well with tea and toast and buns.

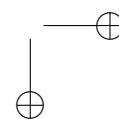
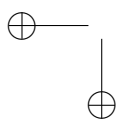
A baby's place is in his bed –
Not drooling 'round a grownup's head,
Nor grabbing at a sugar bowl,
Nor squawking for a buttered roll.
The fact that he can walk does not
Astound or thrill me. Many a tot

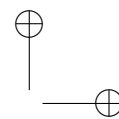
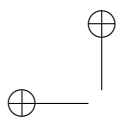




Has done the same all in good time.
I do not yearn to watch him climb
Or view his one incipient tooth.
Indeed, my friend, the horrid truth
Is this: I simply do not like
One thing about your little tyke.

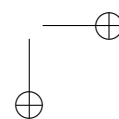
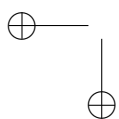
Why should I, just because he's small,
Salaam and smirk and coo and crawl?
Why should I, just because of size,
Consider him a noble prize?
Forgive me, but I choose my friends
For other reasons, other ends,
For subtler charms along the lines
Of fun or love or monkeyshines,
Or conversational astuteness,
And not for pure and simple cuteness.

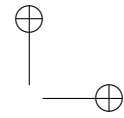
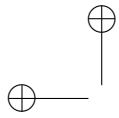




THE WARY COLLABORATORS

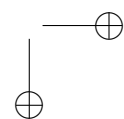
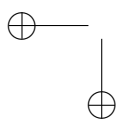
If we could write a novel, maybe
We'd earn enough to have a baby,
Though even small ones cost a pretty
Penny in this bandit city.

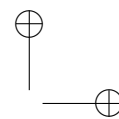
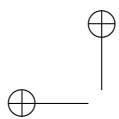




ONE MAN'S FISH

Day in and out she leaves the house
At eight o'clock to drive her spouse
Complete with brief case to his train.
Then back she speeds to ascertain
Whether her three assorted tots
Have wrestled with their apricots
And milk and cereal and eggs.
Then, having scrubbed the little yeggs,
She herds them into coats and hats
And drives them off to school. And that's
The breathless calendar which she
Presumes to recommend to me
In place of paper clips and ink.
But now and then I'm prone to think –
Beguiled by rash, romantic dreams –
She's not as nutty as she seems.

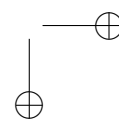
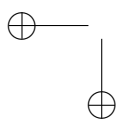


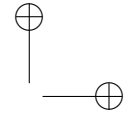
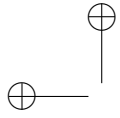


BUNDLES FROM SEVENTH AVENUE

This style's yclept the "Butcher Boy,"
So called by merchants to annoy
Expectant mothers, who are neither
One bit like boys or butchers either.

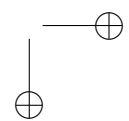
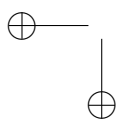
Its lapping coat ends where it shouldn't;
A one-armed paper hanger couldn't
Contrive a more unflattering mess.
How can they call this thing a dress?

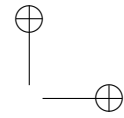
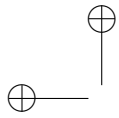




BOY WANTED

Although I'm hoping to beget
A son, I know I shall not fret
If Little Gus turns out to be
A frilly, frothy, frou-frou she.



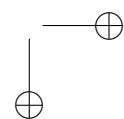
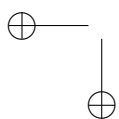


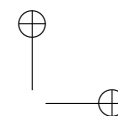
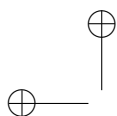
IT'S A PROMISE!

May heaven help me not to bore
My friends with talk of teething.
They've met such miracles before,
Including even breathing.

They've seen their share of babes in bed,
Some somnolent, some sprightly.
They've heard what Little Mary said,
And oh'd and ah'd politely.

So I'll be kind to kin and kith
And mind my subject matter,
Unless they persecute me with
Their own maternal chatter.

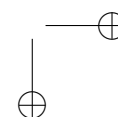
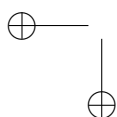


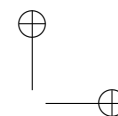
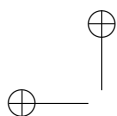


WHAT TO DO TILL THE BABY COMES

If a female is healthy, pregnancy is largely pleasant, and most women enjoy it up to a certain point, although lots of them wouldn't admit it. At no other time in her life does a lady receive so much consideration and attention. Husband, friends, and relatives hang on her recitations of symptoms, equip her with a halo, and let her get away with all sorts of complaints and caprice. All because she is letting nature take its course and is producing what billions of other women have produced for, lo, these many aeons. Listen, sisters, if you're doing your bit to thwart race suicide, I don't blame you for making hay while the muffin is in the oven. That's only human. So have fun.

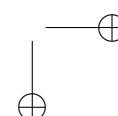
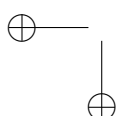
But don't take too much advantage of your Condition. Don't expect your husband to listen in dewy-eyed adoration to the saga of your backaches. Don't sit home and brood about what's going to happen to the next meal. In many cases, it's the brooding that gives you the heaves. And don't fret about your figure. With reasonable care, gastronomical stoicism, and judicious exercise – all under your doctor's watchful eye – you'll retrieve your original form after Snooks arrives. Meanwhile, no matter what monumental proportions you may achieve, you can still get through a revolving door, which is more than you'll be able to do when you're pushing a pram.

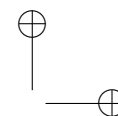
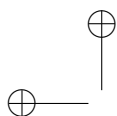




EXPLODED THEORY

An old wives' tale that may lead to serious trouble is the theory – now exploded – that a pregnant woman should overeat “because she is eating for two.” It is true that she needs to eat more during the latter half than during the first half of pregnancy, for Little Eloise is growing faster, but even so her intake should not increase more than twenty per cent over normal. If it does, she is using Baby as an excuse for stuffing herself and taking life easy. Of course, the real authority is her doctor; if he says she should loll and wolf her food, doubtless she should. But, unless she can manage to develop complications that require special food and test, he will probably encourage her to live a normal life, on a normal diet, with a reasonable amount of exercise.





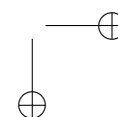
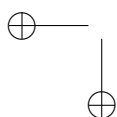
HOW TO BE SMART THOUGH PREGNANT

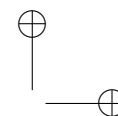
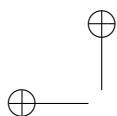
Many mothers-to-be take pride in looking their best from start to finish. They believe in buying a few really good clothes for those months when their looks need help in a big way. It's a good idea for every expectant woman to dress as well as finances will permit, for it helps her morale, which in turn bolsters her physical condition.

During the past few years dress designers have become increasingly attentive to the needs of pregnant women. Almost every shop contains at least one rack full of attractive maternity garments in all materials. There is no longer any need for seesawing between excessive frills and just plain lumpiness. The best maternity wardrobe you can afford is not an extravagance in any sense, for it can be remodeled after the event or saved for the approach of Baby Sister.

There are several things to remember in these shopping expeditions. Since the garments are designed to keep Mamma and her offspring comfortable as well as attractive, they should be bought with an eye on the weather. Too much clothing should not be worn on warm days, nor should Mamma be inadequately clothed when winter comes. Tight belts are out; dresses should hang fairly loosely so that they don't interfere with breathing or normal movements. High-heeled shoes can be put into the back of the closet for the duration. This is the time "sensible" shoes come into their own.

The main thing to remember is that it's impossible to hide the Fact of Life. But with a little extra care, it is possible to enhance it.

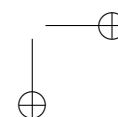
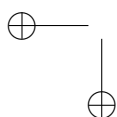


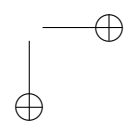
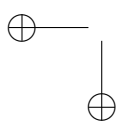
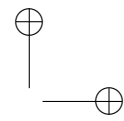
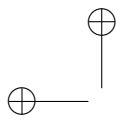


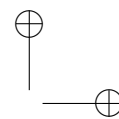
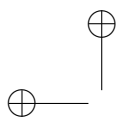
NEVER SAY WHEN

If you must give relatives and friends a date on which you expect the baby to arrive, be sure to set the great day at least two weeks beyond the time your doctor thinks you are due. This strategy will save much wear and tear on both you and the telephone company, for well-meaning pals just can't resist checking on you and your condition *ad nauseam*. They take it as a personal affront when the baby doesn't arrive at the precise moment you predicted it would. They will question you about symptoms in a manner any prosecuting attorney would do well to emulate. Then they'll get sick of the whole business, but not sick enough to stop calling to find out if you've left for the hospital yet. Bit by bit, a worried note creeps into their cross-examinations, and you'll find yourself becoming both irritable and apologetic when you should be neither.

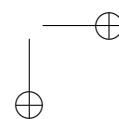
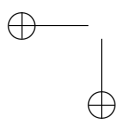
Unfortunately, this friendly checkup is an occupational hazard all would-be mothers must face. The only cure is to stretch a point – and the calendar – by announcing a padded date. After all, no one can say exactly when a baby will arrive unless it is a definite Caesarean. If you steal a march on your family and friends – and yourself – by producing your offspring before the declared date, you will be both excited and pleased, and so will they.

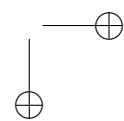
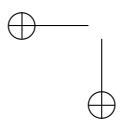
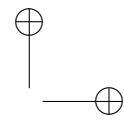
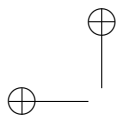


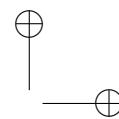
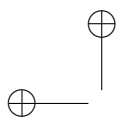




THE FIRST THOUSAND DIAPERS
ARE THE HARDEST



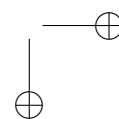
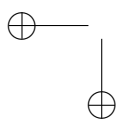


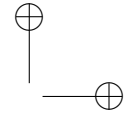
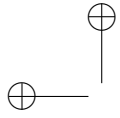


TRAFFIC JAM

I've got the baby in his bath,
And now the world will beat a path
Assiduously to my door.
Young men I never saw before
Will come, demanding suits to press,
While Tarzan inundates my dress.

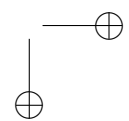
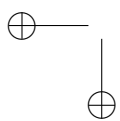
The tinker, tailor, butcher, baker,
The neighborhood slip-cover maker,
Will swarm like vultures round my head
Before I get him back in bed,
While friends, remorseless and alone,
Will rally round by telephone.

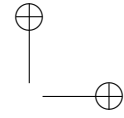
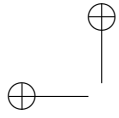




TO A BABY ONE DAY OLD

It seems a sweet absurdity
To call so small a morsel "he."





THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

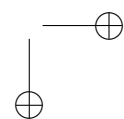
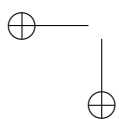
A little baby, when she cries,
Is a spectacular surprise.

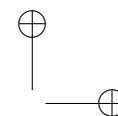
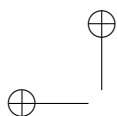
Assorted lines distort her face,
And of her eyes there's not a trace.

Her infant nose has vanished, too,
And left a button for a clue.

But most mysterious of all,
Her rosebud mouth, which was so small,

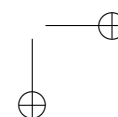
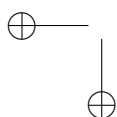
Has suddenly become, instead,
A good deal bigger than her head.

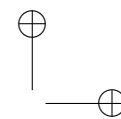
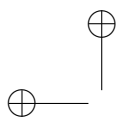




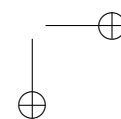
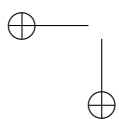
ATTENTION: BRAND-NEW MOTHERS!
THINGS NOT TO WORRY ABOUT

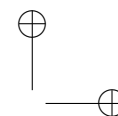
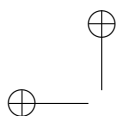
While you're in the hospital (if not before), kind friends who have already spawned will talk to you knowingly of many things that have never figured before in your life. They will sound strange and ominous – “formula,” “sterilizer,” “graduate.” Try to believe that all of the things they mention so glibly will prove to be very uncomplicated. A sterilizer is nothing but a large covered pot in which to boil bottles, strainers, spoons, funnels, and so on. As for the formula, your hospital will probably show you exactly how a formula is made so that you will see how to use every gadget and utensil even the fussiest trained nurse could demand. In many hospitals there are formula classes for new mothers, as well as classes to instruct the neophyte in bathing the baby. If yours isn't such a hospital, your doctor will undoubtedly be most co-operative, and there are probably clinics nearby to help you. In any case, you can get the United States Department of Labor's excellent booklets on Infant Care by writing to the Children's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor, Washington, D.C. If you send for these booklets, or any of the soothing manuals on child care, you would do well to get them and study them thoroughly before you go to the hospital. It takes two arms to hold a baby properly; one hand can't be turning the pages of a book.





Many hospitals give the new mother a twenty-four-hour supply of her baby's own formula to take home so that she won't have to buzz straight to the stove on arrival. All you have to do is supply a container in which to carry it. The container can be a sterilized quart bottle or a set of Baby Isabelle's sterilized nursing bottles. If you get no such assistance, don't worry unduly about the formula because you will find it simple enough. All it takes is accuracy in counting spoonfuls of sugar or syrup, and in measuring milk and water. Cooking an ordinary dinner is far more difficult.

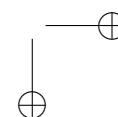
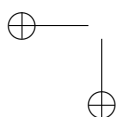


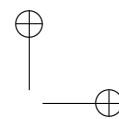
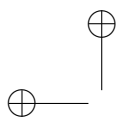


HOMEWARD BOUND WITH BABY

If you are lucky enough to have a nurse to help you at first, take advantage of your good fortune and get as much rest as you can while you can. Don't let her worry you. She will doubtless find your nursery and your kitchen lacking in many things she considers vital. Try not to let this upset you. She doesn't really intend to give you an inferiority complex. Remember, she is a professional worker who feels most at home among familiar tools. One nurse may insist that a large double boiler and teakettle are essential equipment for making the formula. If that particular nurse should leave for another case, her successor will probably be just as particular, but her demands will range in other directions. Your friends and relatives will be brimming with instructions, too – suggestions so diversified as to cancel each other out. The best thing to do is to use the utensils you already have on hand before tottering out to satisfy the whims of all your advisers.

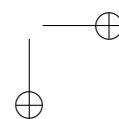
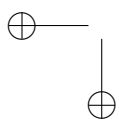
You will find nurses as diametrically opposed as the poles. One will maintain a low chair with arms is vital if the baby is to sit on her lap and take her bottle comfortably. Another will say she must have a straight chair with no arms in order to do the job expertly. Take this in your stride and remember its main importance lies in the hint it may give you that everyone has a different way to raise babies and that yours may well turn out to be as good as the best.

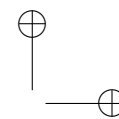
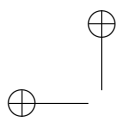




INFANT PRODIGY

At six weeks Baby grinned a grin
That spread from mouth to eyes to chin,
And Doc, the smartie, had the brass
To tell me it was only gas!





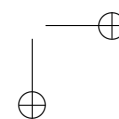
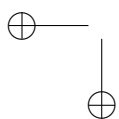
CITY SOB STORY

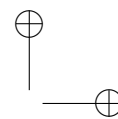
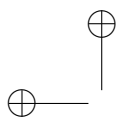
The jolly Sanitation crews
Wreck Baby's after-breakfast snooze.

For trash cans, bounced upon concrete,
Make music that is far from sweet.

I wish the men who spoil her nap
Would stay and listen to her yap.

Dear Neighbors, I apologize
For her infuriated cries.



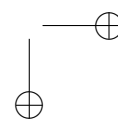
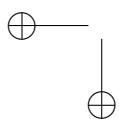


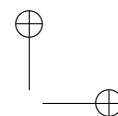
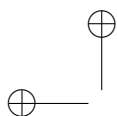
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

William's head is thatched with fuzz,
William's eyes are suave and bright,
William's bigger than he was,
Due to his mighty appetite.

William sups at six and ten
And sleeps the minute he is through,
Only to awake again
In time for another meal at two.

William lies serene and bland,
William's satisfied and smiley,
William seems to understand
That William leads the life of Riley.





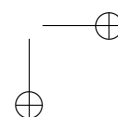
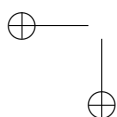
AMERICAN PLAN

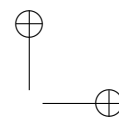
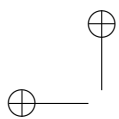
Put the baby's bottle on,
Two o'clock is here and gone!
Two and six and ten and two!
How so small a boy can do
Such a lot of eating, and
Live, I cannot understand.

Hurry, put the bottle on,
Six o'clock is here and gone!
Six and ten and two and six!
All that atom does is mix
Hours of milk with hours of deep,
Unimaginative sleep.

Time to put the bottle on,
Ten o'clock is here and gone!
Ten and two and six and ten!
Put the bottle on again.
Let another table d'hôte
Trickle down his eager throat.

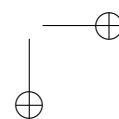
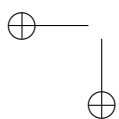
Why a greedy brat should be
So disarming puzzles me.

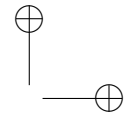
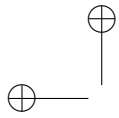




PROGRAM FOR A NEW MOTHER

Bottle, porridge, spoon it in,
Catch it nimbly on the chin.
Change her little pants, and then
Change her little pants again.
Sterilize each cap and nipple
That the babe may safely tipple.
Bathe and oil the chubby lamb,
Change and air her in her pram.
Now it's clear the tiny tot'll
Gladly have another bottle.
Now the time grows ripe and riper
For another change of diaper.



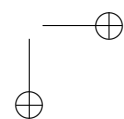
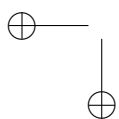


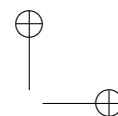
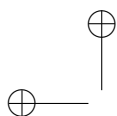
NIGHT MUST FALL, THANK HEAVEN!

O blessed moment, sweet relief,
O respite, regular though brief,
O dear six-thirty, when my mind
Leaves consciousness and care behind.

My head, with perspiration damp,
Is empty as a tourist camp
As I detach young Tarzan's bib
And stuff him in his little crib.

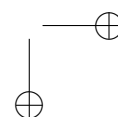
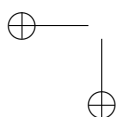
Of love for him I have a breastful,
But still I find him far from restful,
And when I kiss the squirming lad
Good night, to tell the truth I'm glad.

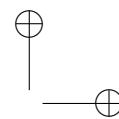
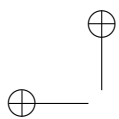




FATHER TAKES IT HARD

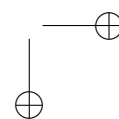
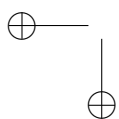
Although a new father is as proud and excited as a June bride when the Event takes place, the mother is in for a rude awakening if she expects this ethereal state to continue. Papa loves his child and the woman who produced it, but it is the outstanding father who has more than a perfunctory interest in the baby while it is still in the bassinet stage. Some fathers even manage to avoid getting up out of bed for night maneuvers in the fields of diapers and bottles by saying they've heard it's not good for Baby to have different people do the tending. Later, when It walks and talks, Pop becomes infatuated, but until then It appears to him just one endless round of changing, eating, snoozing, screaming, and burping. During that period, Mother is likely to feel that Baby is wonderful and that George is unnatural. George, on the other hand, feels she is peculiar and where the hell has his mate gone? Does motherhood preclude wifehood? These are average thoughts that assail average couples, so don't let them get you down. The first thousand diapers are the hardest. After that, the parents begin to gravitate toward one another once more and Baby assumes her proper proportions. Offspring and father get to like each other and neither one (in a sensible home) achieves a permanent grip on the center of the stage.

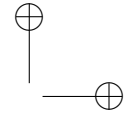
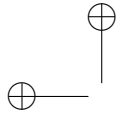




THREE'S A CROWD

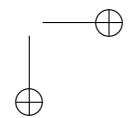
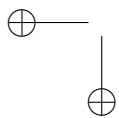
Having a baby isn't what hurts –
It's finding a place to keep her shirts,
Her sweaters and quilts, her gowns and bands,
Her bootees knitted by loving hands,
Her pram, her pen, and her bassinet,
Her hampers for diapers, dry and wet...
A tiny babe in a tiny flat
Leaves nobody room to hang a hat!

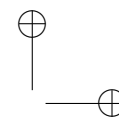
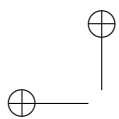




HOME TRUTH

I'm like a furnace to my child –
When I go out, it drives him wild;
He shrieks with savage melancholy!
But when I'm on the job, by golly,
The lad ignores me on the whole
Exactly as we do the coal
That's in the cellar, till it's gone,
At which point, how we carry on!



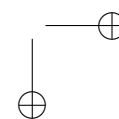
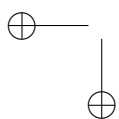


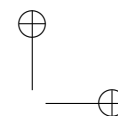
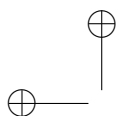
BUBBLE, BUBBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE

Sometimes my fledgling will not drink,
 Again, he hits the bottle.
It turns him watermelon pink
 To open wide the throttle.

In order to prolong a meal
 The babe declines to bubble.
His will's invincible as steel,
 He dotes on making trouble.

Oh, he's a shrewd, conniving chap,
 Unprincipled, but bright.
He takes his mother for a sap,
 In which respect he's right.



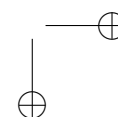
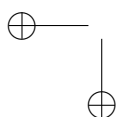


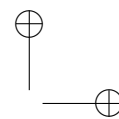
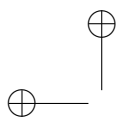
NOTE OF CAUTION

A recent article in a well-known magazine moves me to suggest that mothers should take the advice of other mothers with a grain of aspirin. Mine included. What suits my baby and me may not be your dish at all.

This magazine mother's article advises keeping babies in their place and not letting their paraphernalia clutter up the house. That sounds just dandy, but she follows it up by telling the crowded mother to be sure to fold up Baby's play pen at five o'clock sharp and stick it in the closet or out in the kitchen so the living room won't look like a day nursery when Father comes home. She doesn't explain why Father should be shielded from the fact that there is a baby on the premises. Nor does she divulge where to find a play pen – with its attendant mat and toys – that can be collapsed and tucked away as easily as that. Especially if Mother is busy with cooking, washing, and feeding, not only Baby's face, but Father's.

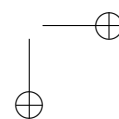
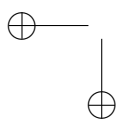
The author also suggests snaring an orange crate from the grocer, decorating it with "decals," and then using it as the spot in which to dump Baby's toys at five when Father frolics in from the office. My main objection to this lies in the splinters. A vigorous, uninhibited baby could get into lots of trouble with an orange crate before smashing it to smithereens. And as for her counsel on hiding Baby's scales and toilet seat, that's fine, too, if you have the closet space. But if you haven't, you don't hide them. You just do the best you can to be neat, and trust your friends not to be too resentful that there's a baby in the house.

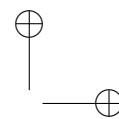
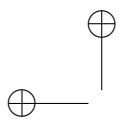




THE LONG PULL

Far be it from me to disparage
This rugged, roomy baby carriage,
But hills increase its running weight
When Snooks and I perambulate.
And though I push the tadpole gladly,
I need an outboard motor badly.

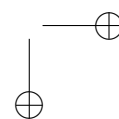
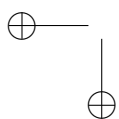


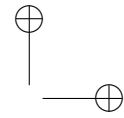
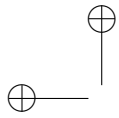


NURSE'S DAY OUT

She falls asleep exactly when
It's time to have her bottle. Then,
The moment that the sprout's been fed
And I have tucked her back in bed,
Her eyes grow big as silver dollars
And how the little demon hollers!

So loud she hollers, and so long
You'd think that I had done her wrong.
So long she hollers and so loud,
She'd keep a fire department cowed,
Nor does she close her little trap,
Or even contemplate a nap,
Until it's bottle time, and then
She promptly falls asleep again.



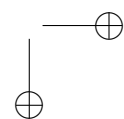
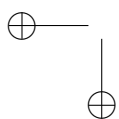


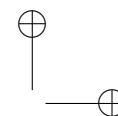
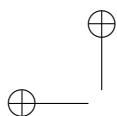
THE BUGGY BRIGADE

No sooner does my little chap
Knock off for a reluctant nap
Than dear old ladies on the street
Start making passes at his feet.

They voice sweet nothings right above him,
They yearn to yank him out and love him,
They pat his little derrière,
They compliment him on his hair.

And when they've got him wide awake
And definitely on the make,
They flutter off to find another
Defenseless, pram-propelling mother.





ASSORTED DON'TS FOR NEOPHYTES

DON'T regard Baby as a Dresden china shepherdess. She is tougher than you think.

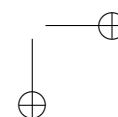
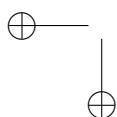
DON'T, however, leave her for even a split second on top of her bathinette or on your bed. She may start crawling, leaping, or rolling when you least expect it.

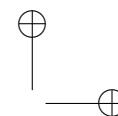
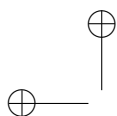
DON'T be too discouraged when she suddenly develops trying habits, such as beating her head against the side of the crib. Do what you can to stop it; turn her over, tuck her in, place bump-its at the sides and head of the crib. If she outwits you and continues to make the small hours hideous with her banging, try to keep your nightshirt on. All babies start and stop habits with lightning speed. "They just take notions," as one levelheaded nursemaid puts it. Or they may be working on a tooth.

DON'T, on the other hand, try to solve all your baby problems yourself. If they seem complicated or persistent, call your pediatrician.

DON'T do your own diagnosing if Baby has a high temperature. When you corral the doctor, and he prescribes, follow his advice to the letter.

DON'T let a sick child out of bed before the doctor says you can. The aftermath of measles, mumps, chicken pox, and





whooping cough may be far more serious than the diseases themselves.

DON'T pester a healthy baby by taking her temperature unless you have reason to believe something ails her.

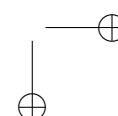
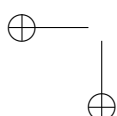
DON'T compare your baby's weight with the baby's next door. A baby can be a lightweight and be just as healthy as a heavyweight.

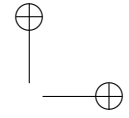
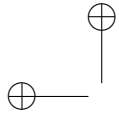
DON'T feel Baby must get her teeth ahead of your neighbor's baby just to prove she's a superior product. Most babies walk, talk, and teethe all in good time. By the time they're two they're all doing just about the same things.

DON'T be despondent if Baby doesn't eat precisely the same amount at every meal. You don't either, you know, and Baby is just as human as you are – much as you may doubt this at times.

DON'T, however, be slapdash about feedings and leave the amount to be eaten entirely up to Snooks. A certain amount of prudent persuasion is legitimate and gets the baby into the habit of eating enough to develop an appetite and capacity for needed food.

But whatever you do, DON'T take any of my advice too seriously. No two babies – or mothers – are alike.

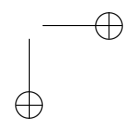
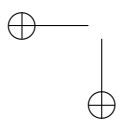


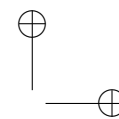
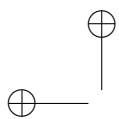


HONEST CONFESSION

If God should ask me, it's the truth
That Snooks cut his initial tooth
At five months on the very dot.
But when a pal maintains her tot
Erupted teeth when four months old,
I do another tale unfold.

I make my infant more precocious,
For mother love is so ferocious
That fairy tales grow monumental
In matters physical and dental.
Nor do I feel a twinge of shame,
For every mother does the same.





BOTH ENDS BELONG TO MOMMY

My prepossessing little son
Endears himself to everyone.

His cupid mouth, complete with dimple,
Makes giant intellects turn simple.

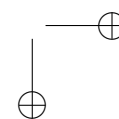
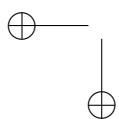
Confronted by his tawny eyes,
The heart of granite liquefies.

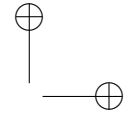
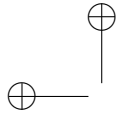
His shining hair, his shapely pate
Make misanthropes capitulate.

They fatuously poke and tweak
His chin and each indignant cheek.

They paw him with ecstatic yowls
And kiss his fat, defenseless jowls.

But when he's wet from stem to stern,
The nether end is my concern.



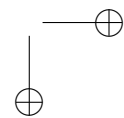
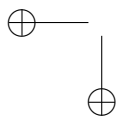


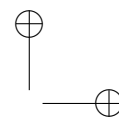
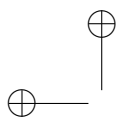
CANDID CAMARADERIE

I take his picture when he screams,
I snap him drooling in his dreams.
I shoot him gnawing at his feet –
That's known as making both ends meet.
I snap him in his epidermis,
As naked as an angleworm is.

I shoot him in his bassinet,
I shoot him dry, I shoot him wet.
I snap him when he crows and cries,
And when he registers surprise.
I shoot him wallowing in cereal –
That's when he looks his least ethereal.

And being human, I am glad
To share these pictures of the lad
With friends who try to pester me
With portraits of their progeny.
They whip theirs out with frantic vigor,
But I am quicker on the trigger.



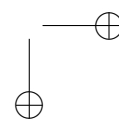
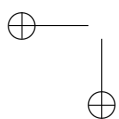


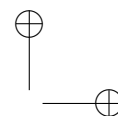
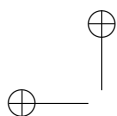
ON MY METAL

I bought my rosy little man
A silver rattle and a rabbit,
But he prefers a frying pan;
To beat it is his dearest habit.

Oh, Baby, have a care, my sweet,
That pan's a heavy one, you know,
And when you kick it with your feet
We cannot guess where it will go.

I'm well aware you're strong enough,
From starfish hands to toes prehensile,
To hold your own when pots get tough,
But spare my chromium utensil!

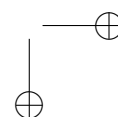
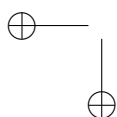


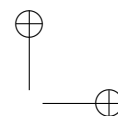
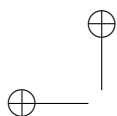


THE BATTLING BOTTLER

She wants her bottle on the dot,
And not too cold, and not too hot.
She wants her formula prepared,
Her panties changed, her mattress aired,
Her sweaters, shirts and nighties boiled,
Her body bathed, and soaped, and oiled.

Indeed, her program's so exacting,
It's quite a help in counteracting
The tendency to sit and brood
And moan about the cost of food.
So while my fretful voice she stills
On subjects such as dairy bills,
She's sly enough, the little pup,
To be the one who runs them up.



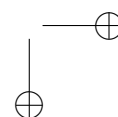
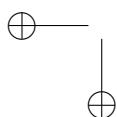


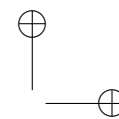
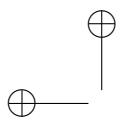
ON FEEDING THE INFANTRY

Some of the recipes perpetrated by cookbooks are guaranteed to complicate life for already harried mothers. The merciless authors appear bent upon confusing the housewife with fractions and figures that would frighten an Einstein. They dearly love to distress their readers with cereal recipes designed for six people which involve five cups of milk and *three-quarters* of a cup of Farina. To make enough for one baby, does Momma take one-sixth of three-quarters of a cup, and one-sixth of five cups of milk, and if so, how? Is it done with mirrors, or by dividing the Farina among six cocktail glasses and struggling on from there? Martinis in the cocktail glasses are what Mother needs at this point in order to digest such a recipe and keep a civil tongue in her head.

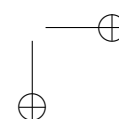
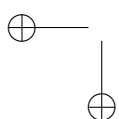
In the realm of food, infants can be much more difficult than husbands anyway. If your better half suddenly goes on a hunger strike, you can suggest dining out for a night or two. Perhaps a clam stew or smörgåsbord will revive his appetite. There needn't be any argument, hard feelings, or tears. He can say yes, or explain that he has business ulcers and is allergic to food in general through no fault of yours.

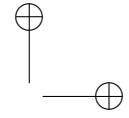
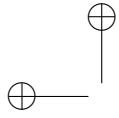
But when Baby suddenly recoils at the sight of a good, wholesome baked potato richly gutted with beef juice, which she has always wolfed, what to do? She can't talk – or won't. Momma immediately imagines cold, chicken pox, or measles, and is upset because she can't get any reassurance from her infant nemesis. Her impulse is to burst into tears or fly into





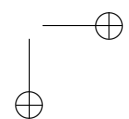
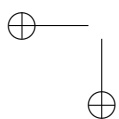
a tantrum, neither of which is likely to recapture baby's truant appetite. Nothing is to be gained by argument or by the suggestion that a night club might be nice for a change. Baby's vocabulary is strictly limited and she will make no statement. At this point it takes either a very casual or a very strong-minded mother to believe that the experts are right when they claim that the stubborn minx will eat heartily at the next meal or by the next day if she isn't forced. But what pediatrician has ever put in twenty-four hours solo flying with any one baby, not to mention cooking its meals day in and day out?

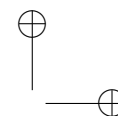
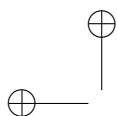




A LINE ON MOTHER'S DAY

I'm certain that it cannot be
As wholly satisfactory
To walk a dog as push a pram,
Which silently proclaims I am
The mother of a toothsome son. . . .
That's my idea of good clean fun.

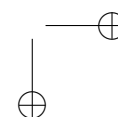
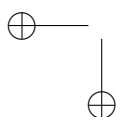


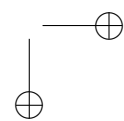
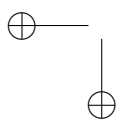
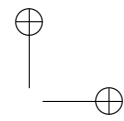
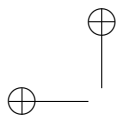


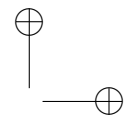
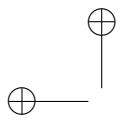
DO MOTHERS EAT?

Many a mother finds it hard to take an interest in food for herself by the time she has bathed Snooks, dressed him, done his laundry, steamed his rice, managed the marketing with him straining at the leash, cooked his noonday baked potato plus carrots and spinach, and then squeezed his beef juice from a wisp of reluctant top round. When she finally has him safely in the hay for his afternoon nap, all she wants to do is clean up his dishes and pots and pans fast and then try to get a few personal chores done, such as writing a letter or paying the milk bill.

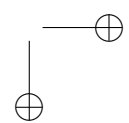
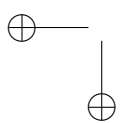
I've a strong suspicion that most mommas subsist on the snatches of Snooks' own food which he is humanitarian enough to ignore. As a slapdash first aid to cold odds and ends, to make them a little less unpalatable, I recommend that you add a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a large thimbleful of sherry, stir, heat – and eat. The dish will at least have a different aroma, texture, and taste.

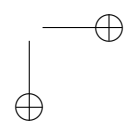
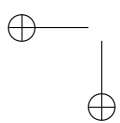
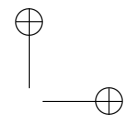
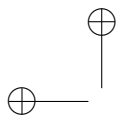


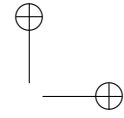
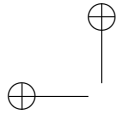




SMALL TALK

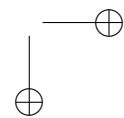
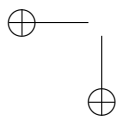


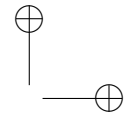
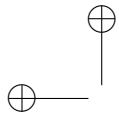




ROLLING STOCK

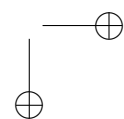
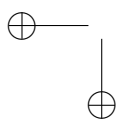
To take a baby to the Park
Requires a full-blown Noah's ark...
I have to cart along a bottle
Of orange juice with which to throttle
His angry cries at half-past ten.
And when I put him down again
To drool in his perambulator,
He judges me a second-rater
On whom to shower shrill abuse
If I do not at once produce
His rubber spoon and teething ring.
What's more, I always have to bring
A blanket, lest an autumn breeze
Encourage a potential sneeze.
Spare pants I do not dare forget
To dry Young Faithful, when he's wet.
And cleansing tissues I must lug
To dust his sooty, city mug.
My camera, too, must make the trip,
Nor would it be discreet to skip
The sunburn oil with which to tan
My little tadpole of a man.
Indeed, I take so many chattels,
From food to freshly laundered rattles,
Plus purse, and magazines, and books,
There's barely room enough for Snooks.

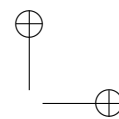
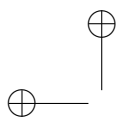




CAME THE SPRIG

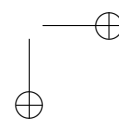
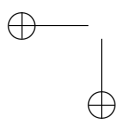
Our life was placid once upon
A time. . . Then came our infant son.
And though the animated sprig
Is definitely far from big
The iron power of his whim
Has made a Tartar out of him.
Where once we lounged like tabby cats,
We're now a troupe of acrobats.

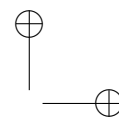
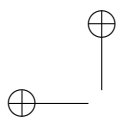




BABIES FIX FLATS

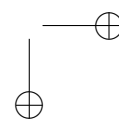
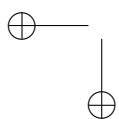
Our love nest, once serene and smart,
Would break a decorator's heart.
For since the recent baby boom,
The flabbergasted living room
Has functioned as a nursery too,
And we can scarcely wriggle through
Between the play pen and the pram.
Our life is one great traffic jam.

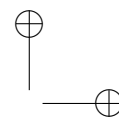
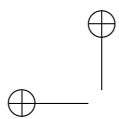




CEILING ZERO

Though, as a housewife, I deplore
The traffic that congests our floor –
The Army trucks, the trains, the tracks,
The trolley, and the boy scout ax,
I rather think, without the mess
I'd ache with empty loneliness,
But even so, it seems to rankle
Each time I trip and sprain an ankle.



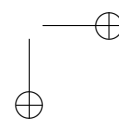
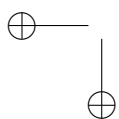


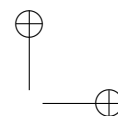
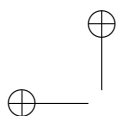
TO A SMALL CITY SLICKER

Dear little human dynamo
Perpetually on the go,
Your hummingbird vitality
Amazes and bedevils me.

With puckered brow and aching feet,
I chase you up and down the street.
God gave you something to be sat on,
But you must cover all Manhattan.

You're bored, parading in your pram.
At large, you're happy as a clam.
Oh, for a yard to set you loose,
And let me rest on my caboose!



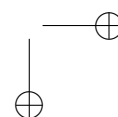
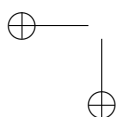


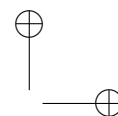
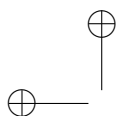
THE STAG AT EVE

When Little Tarzan eats his beans
And other unattractive greens,
I give the model child a cake
As a reward, for goodness' sake.

But when he buttons up his trap
And won't devour a single scrap
Of foliage, do I then deny
The stubborn apple of my eye
A sweet, and let him starve? Would you?
I think, like me, you'd give him two.

Thus do I keep the toothsome brat
Luxuriously pink and fat.
And if my views are in collision
With those held by our pediatrician;
If he condemns my soft technique
As reprehensible and weak,
I'd like to have him come to dinner
And try to feed the little sinner.





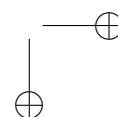
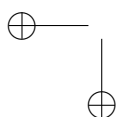
**ON MAKING HAY
WHILE THE SON SHINES**

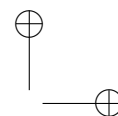
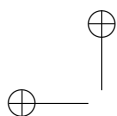
If you're not a parent,
You probably daren't
 Eat crackerjack out on the street.
Without Little Willie
A grownup feels silly
 Engulfing so childish a treat.

There's many another
Advantage a mother
 Enjoys with a toddler in tow.
In the fall she achieves
The right to scuff leaves;
 In the winter she romps in the snow.

For parties that sound
Oppressive she's found
 An alibi perfectly fine.
She won't trust a rookie
To take care of Snookie,
 So she is compelled to decline.

But Joy Number One
Is watching her son
 Regard her as angel and clown.
He builds up her ego
From here to Oswego-
 She's the foremost attraction in town!

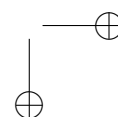
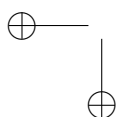


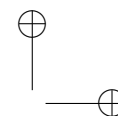
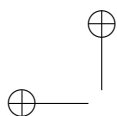


BLESSED BE THE HUNGRY

I've found New York a dandy spot
In which to rear a tiny tot.
For though I have to push his pram
Up hill and down to show the lamb
Assorted plants and shrubs and trees,
He's thrilled and pop-eyed when he sees
The verdant handiwork of God
At Rockefeller Promenade.

He takes no spear of grass for granted;
With every leaf he is enchanted.
No country child could ever be
As flabbergasted by a tree,
For they surround the little pup,
Whereas we have to hunt them up.
Thus every one becomes a treat
For which we have a front-row seat.



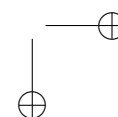
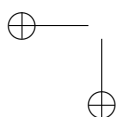


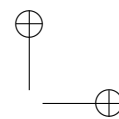
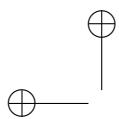
MOTHER LOVE

Many pediatricians and psychiatrists are swinging back to the old-fashioned view that babies are better off when they get lots of mothering. Fledglings, it seems, have an instinctive need for something more than bodily comfort and a well-filled stomach. What the doctor now orders is a generous daily dose of good old mother love, which, as yet, hasn't been put up in vitamins or capsule form.

This advice comes as a distinct pleasure to those of us who might otherwise have felt we had to sneak a squeeze and bootleg an occasional sanitary kiss on the top of a fuzzy head. More and more doctors today are expressing the conviction that from the moment the urchin arrives she needs the sense of security that comes only from a dotting mother's affectionate care. Mother shouldn't wait until Baby learns to talk before she becomes her child's companion. Baby's physical well-being isn't the only thing that counts at the start; her emotions are important, too.

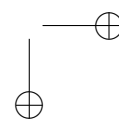
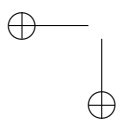
Mothers who must forgo the privilege of caring for their own babies, therefore, should try to hold on to the same nurse for at least a year or two so that the tadpole will not be subjected to the emotional upheavals that come with being separated from a trusted friend. After all, it upsets an adult's sleep and digestion to lose a pal, so why shouldn't it confuse and distress an infant?

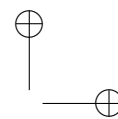
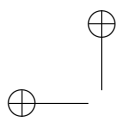




SMOTHER LOVE

It would, however, be easy to go haywire on this mother love business and have an orgy of hugging and mauling Baby. A youngster can have too much of a good thing, and the psychiatrists who say she needs mothering are quick to differentiate between mothering and smothering. Mom mustn't grab Baby to her bosom every time she cries or she'll spoil the baby and ruin her own disposition as a consequence. Mother love seasoned with wholesome neglect seems to be the best blend for Baby.





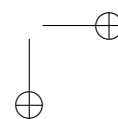
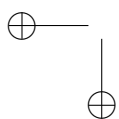
SUCCESS STORY

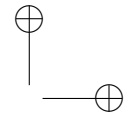
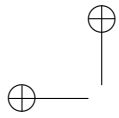
I smile at gouges, scars, and scratches,
At minor darns and major patches;
I am the wench who weeps no more
When vases crash upon the floor.

Our pseudo-Chippendale is chipped,
The ruffle on the divan's ripped
Where Tarzan, like a shooting star,
Side-swiped it in his kiddie car.

I'll mend it when he's cribbed and fed,
Unless I, too, have gone to bed;
Meanwhile I shall not worry, since
Such things no longer make me wince.

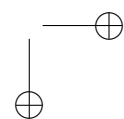
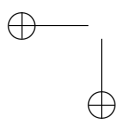
O happy day, so long awaited!
I'm thoroughly emancipated.
Hear this most restful of confessions:
I'm not possessed by my possessions.

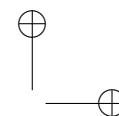
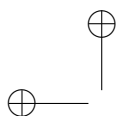




SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR

When he's hungry, tired, or hurt,
Baby clings to Momma's skirt.
His occasional dejection
Fans the flame of his affection.
And I notice, when disaster
Overtakes my lord and master,
He seems very little older
In his weakness for my shoulder.



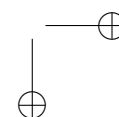
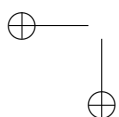


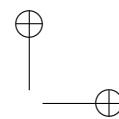
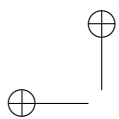
HOME TALENT

The pictures are ready, and so is the screen.
And now we'll connect the projecting machine.
You must see the baby in color, the cutie.
As guests, you will have to submit to your duty.

There! Isn't she sweet, making love to that crocus?
She's overexposed, and the bud's out of focus,
But still it's a shot that you oughtn't to miss,
And here is a dandy of Daddy and Sis.

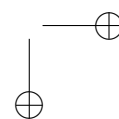
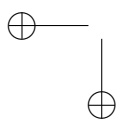
The next, and the next, and the next after that
Show Baby at play with Brunhilda, the cat.
I've got a lot more, so I'll put the lights on
And find them... Good heavens! Where's every one gone?

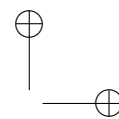
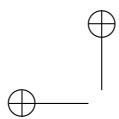




**TO A BABY BOY,
WHO, LIKE MOST OTHERS,
STRONGLY RESEMBLES
A FAMOUS GLOBE-TROTTER**

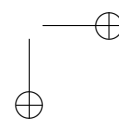
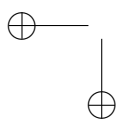
Winnie-the-Churchill
(Not Winnie-the-Pooh)
Is almost as chubby
And round-faced as you.

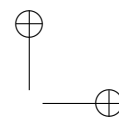
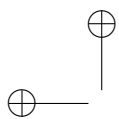




TRIOLET OF MATERNAL REMORSE

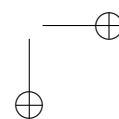
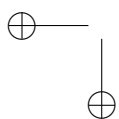
What did I talk about before
 Young Attila was born?
I have become a ruthless bore.
What did I talk about before?
Now I'm the sort who makes friends snore
 Or writhe in silent scorn.
What did I talk about before
 Young Attila was born?

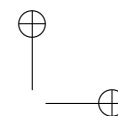
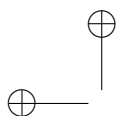




BEQUEST

It's true that J. P. Morgan's will
Ignored his trees on Murray Hill,
But those in perpetuity
He left my little boy and me.

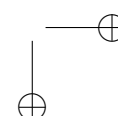
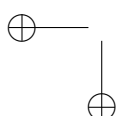


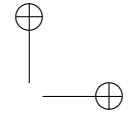
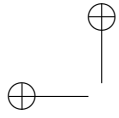


FASHION TIP FOR STYLISTS

The shortage of maids and the bumper crop of babies should inspire the dress designers and stylists into evolving fashionable button-or-zipperdown-the-fronters. Whether there's an infant in the house or not, the hostess who does her own cleaning and cooking wants clothes that are easy to dive into at the last minute. If there is a baby to feed, plus a party to prepare, Momma must have a festive frock that she can don without demolishing her hair, which she has somehow managed to fix before stuffing Little Pamela with prunes and pabulum.

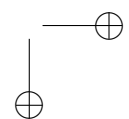
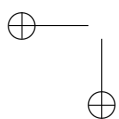
It's up to the designers to ring some changes on wrap-arounds and buttoned fronts, and make them look dressed up. Tricky pockets and trimmings, flounces that aren't too coy, and the use of gay, sophisticated prints would seem indicated, but there's no harm in hoping for something more original.

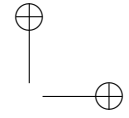
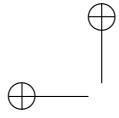




HEIR PATROL

My nose congeals, likewise my feet,
As I roll Tarzan down the street.
My hands are practically rigid,
The sun and air are also frigid,
But not my son and heir, not he!
He's snugger than a podded pea,
Compactly bundled in his stroller.
To him the weather's far from polar.

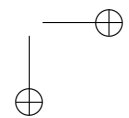
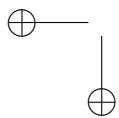


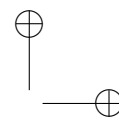
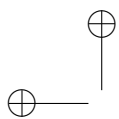


WILD LIFE IN A CITY PARK

You lead the simple life, my son;
You have a lot of good, clean fun.
You crow and gurgle when the breeze
Cavorts through the ailanthus trees.
You think each dancing leaf's a toy
Designed to please a little boy.

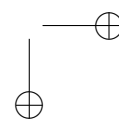
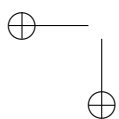
How long, my dimpled joy and pride,
Will such things keep you satisfied?
My guess is, your idea of heaven
Will shift about half-past eleven.
Your passion for the leaf a-flutter
Will melt away like so much butter,
And you will screech until you munch
Another monumental lunch.

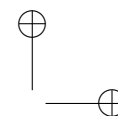
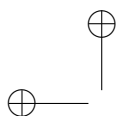




LINES ON MURRAY HILL

Daffodils are blooming on
Pierpont Morgan's velvet lawn,
And it seems a sorry fate
That I can't slip through the gate
With my fledgling in his carriage.
Though I never would disparage
This oasis on the Hill,
I would think it nicer still
If I could go in and sit
Just to rest my dogs a bit.



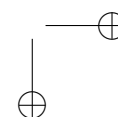
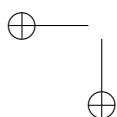


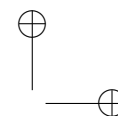
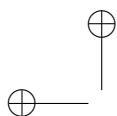
NEVER A DULL MOMENT

The obvious accidents to small fry don't have to be called to parents' attention. Every mother teaches her young to stay on the sidewalk and avoid collisions with passing trucks. Even the most bird-brained parent would hardly leave scissors or knives where Baby might connect with them.

But accidents still happen in and around the most level-headed homes, and it is about these unforeseeable tragedies that I'd like to sound a warning. Fathers back cars out of garages and scrape their most cherished relatives; mothers leave car doors unlocked and Snooks takes a spill. Electric heaters and small radios still lurk in many a bathroom and kitchen, where contact with water may cause a fatal short circuit. Boiling pots, handles projecting over the side of the stove, lure Baby's hands and cause disfiguring burns, although anyone with sense enough to cook can easily cultivate the habit of turning pot handles inward. Unfortunately, babies go right on finding open safety pins to swallow and matches to nibble and strike.

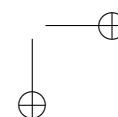
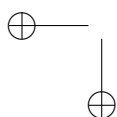
The cure for all these accidents and the hundreds of others reported in the newspapers is vigilance. Infants need constant care or they'll run blithely into trouble. Someone must do their thinking for them until they are old enough to recognize and avoid danger. Someone must also see to it that poisons, sharp household instruments, and other harmful articles are kept well out of the way of Baby's curious hands and mouth.

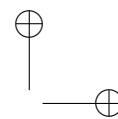
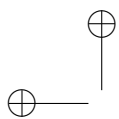




Personally, I would like to bite the hand of each manufacturer of children's stuffed animals who uses large-headed pins for eyes. Or even sharp-pointed buttons. They are too easily removable by Baby. Even the tiniest fingers have fantastic strength and the urge to investigate. Mothers should beware the fascinating plush bunny whose beady eyes may turn out to be nothing but attenuated hatpins which Little Elsie may pry out and devour at the first opportunity.

Such grim eventualities are far from pleasant to contemplate, and I don't mean to be melodramatic. I am interested only in alarming mothers suitably so that they will not brood but will do everything possible to prevent unnecessary tragedies.





TROUBLE ON THE HOME FRONT

My love, you frighten me to death –
Your head is hot, likewise your breath.

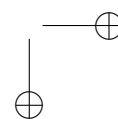
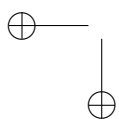
So glazed your eye, so parched your lip,
I know you must have flu or grippe.

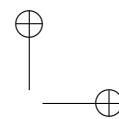
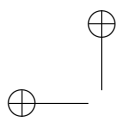
You cough, you choke, you snort, you splutter,
And in your sleep you moan and mutter.

I'm almost paralyzed with fear...
Wake up, sweetheart, the doctor's here.

He mustn't shield me from the truth...
O happy day! It's just a tooth.

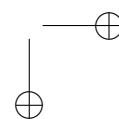
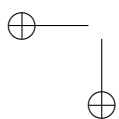
I would have known, had I been wiser,
It was my tadpole's first incisor.

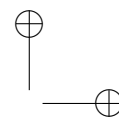
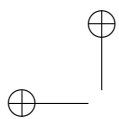




MEMO FROM THE CAPITAL

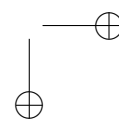
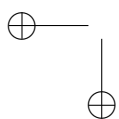
The Washington celebrities
In our hotel are thick as fleas,
But Baby Snooks prefers the Zoo,
And personally, I do, too.

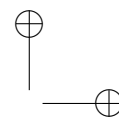
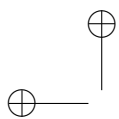




GARDEN SPECIAL

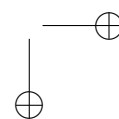
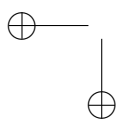
My plot is scant, but how it thickens
With fruit and greenery and chickens.
The program now includes potatoes
And pears and pullets and tomatoes,
A battlefield of hopes and doubts;
But first upon my list of sprouts
Involving work as well as fun
Is Hercules, my infant son.

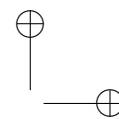
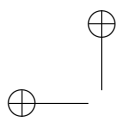




**LINES TO AN OVERENTHUSIASTIC
BABY FANCIER**

You've done it before, and you'll do it again,
In order to embrace her –
Extract her from her little play pen
And then let Momma chase her.

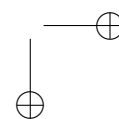
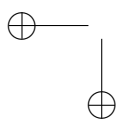


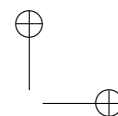
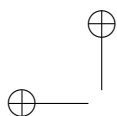


STANDING ROOM ONLY

O one-year-old, determined Buddy,
You've made a playground of my study
Where once I struggled to compose
Assorted bits of verse and prose.

You've eased me out, beguiling chick,
And grabbed it for your bailiwick.
No longer do I rate a den. . .
The play pen's mightier than the pen.



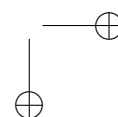
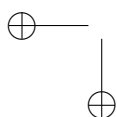


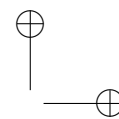
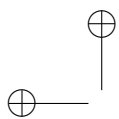
HOW TO BE HAPPY AT HOME

You don't need any advice on how to be happy at home if you're lucky enough to be the Domestic Type and really like being tied down while one baby yammers to escape from the play pen and Little Sister is still in the layette stage. But if you sometimes get low over being a prisoner in your own home, there's one sure way to keep your spirits from sagging to your ankles.

Look your best. Keep your lipstick on, and your hair, as well as your chin, up. This is easier said than done, especially if you are responsible for the family's cooking, washing, marketing, and that dear, dead, blown-out fuse. But – for a change – let the baby yell a few minutes while you fix your face and hair, even though you have to turn on the radio to save your ears and nerves. It will probably do Baby as much good as it does you to let her cry it out; she needs the exercise more than she needs spoiling.

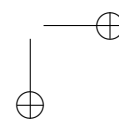
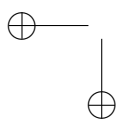
As for your nails and hands, the beauty experts are right when they say you should keep a jar of good cream handy (Baby's nursery cream does fine), but very few all-out housewives can manage long vampire nails and lurid nail polish. This suits most husbands nicely; for some strange reason, men are repelled by savage nails. In any event, there's nothing worse than ragged nail polish, half on and half off as the result of washing carloads of dishes and diapers. A buffer with dry polish is indicated in such cases, for it will make the

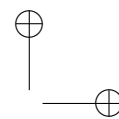
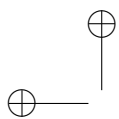




nails look better and at the same time strengthen them and encourage them to grow in the face of adversity.

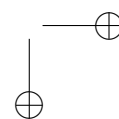
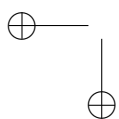
When you think you've reached the end of your rope, therefore, don't tie yourself in knots. Park Baby somewhere safely, relax, and try a facial or a new hairdo. You'll find the treatment revivifying. And the effect on Father may be electric.

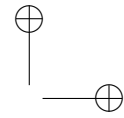
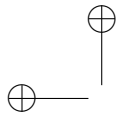




VALENTINE FOR A PROBLEM CHILD

Acutely painful is my lot:
I love you, though I'd rather not.



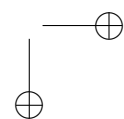
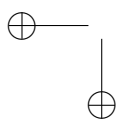


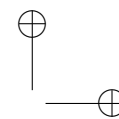
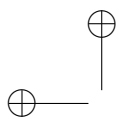
CANDID CAMERA REFLECTIONS

I murmur a suitable oh and ah,
But all I feel is a state of blah,
When I'm presented with candid shots
Of mites so young they're not even tots.

A month-old child with an open trap
Has a vacant look on its month-old map.
As a thing of beauty the babe's all wet;
It hasn't had time to jell, and yet

A parent thinks it a bounden duty
To photograph the incipient cutie
And show the results to me and you.
I know, my friend, for I'm guilty too.





LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Dear Valentine, for you I sigh –
When first we met, you took my eye.

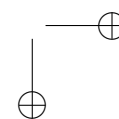
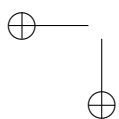
And now I love you even more
Than I have loved you heretofore.

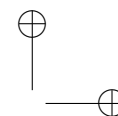
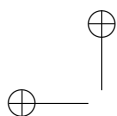
Here is my heart. I beg you, take it,
Though you will barge ahead, and break it.

Don't hesitate, for I'll contrive
To smile assurance, and survive.

And you will have such shameless fun
When you consume it, little son.

I, too, can see that it's enticing –
It's made of gingerbread with icing.



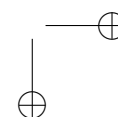
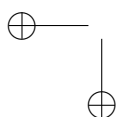


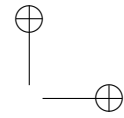
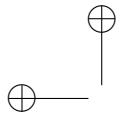
NUGGETS FROM THE LIPS OF EXPERIENCED MOTHERS

A mother of four observes: Babies are like all young, small animals. When they are comfortable, well fed, and rested, they are happy and healthy. . . . Learning to feed a baby is like learning to ski or swim. Granted a normal, healthy infant, it's largely a matter of confidence. Once you feel sure she's going to take her bottle, she senses it and stops being temperamental. . . .

If the baby is bent on driving you crazy by crying to be picked up and you are sure she's comfortable, turn the radio on so you won't hear her. Unless, of course, you dislike the radio and would rather hear the baby. . . .

Don't try to teach Baby to eat cereal from a spoon twice the size of her mouth. Jewelers, understandably eager to sell heavy-weight silver, make preposterous, oversize spoons and innocent uncles buy them. A plain measuring spoon, the half-teaspoon size, is just about right for a starter. An after-dinner coffee spoon is a good fit, too. It would be dandy if some humane manufacturer would make sets of silver measuring spoons for baby gifts. I know they would be a great help with formulas and feedings.





LOVE AFFAIR

Some day he'll think me rather silly,
But now he loves me willy-nilly.

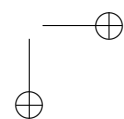
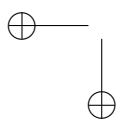
There'll come a time when his inspection
Will tell him I am not perfection,

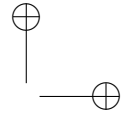
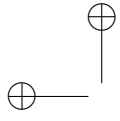
And he'll unearth some younger cutie
Who far surpasses me in beauty.

So while I have him in my arms
I'll make the most of all my charms,

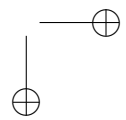
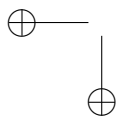
And store up memories to last
When I am dwelling in the past.

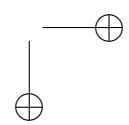
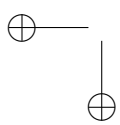
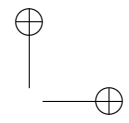
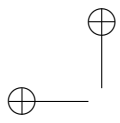
For though my hold on him is strong,
He cannot stay a baby long.

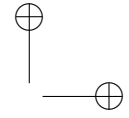
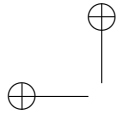




WILD LIFE

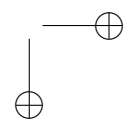
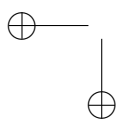


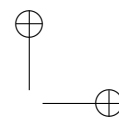
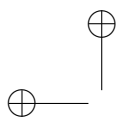




THE LAUGH'S ON ME

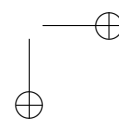
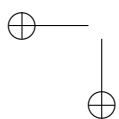
My babe's an optimistic dear,
His view of life is sunny –
Whene'er I shed a furtive tear,
He thinks I'm being funny.

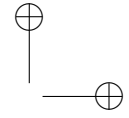
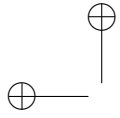




CHAOS OUT OF ORDER

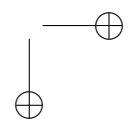
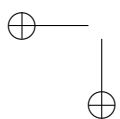
Skillets in the bedroom,
Bikes in the bath,
Eloquently testify
To Snooks' erratic path.
And though my tender pleading
Should melt a heart of stone,
He's bent on devastating
Each room except his own.

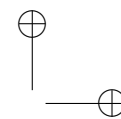
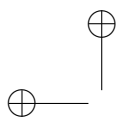




HOLD FAST!

Today's psychiatrists agree
That babies crave security,
In which respect, I think they do
Not differ much from me or you.





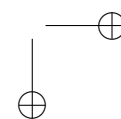
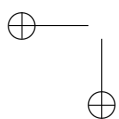
SPRING VEGETABLES

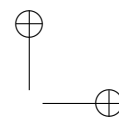
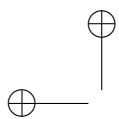
Perambulators bloom upon
The sidewalks, in the captious sun.

And nurses spar for sheltered spots
To park their sooty city tots.

Though cinders fleck their cheeks and noses,
They look like antiseptic roses,

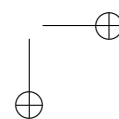
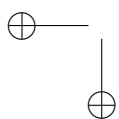
And flourish, minus trees and grass,
While lapping up monoxide gas.

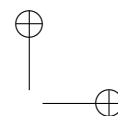
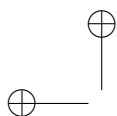




SUMMER SUNDAYS IN NEW YORK

Assorted babies thin and fat
Appear in flocks so ample that
They cover all the parks in town,
And turn the foliage upside down.
They spring up overnight, it seems,
Like mushrooms, till the island teems
With them. Their source I cannot say
I understand at all, for they
Erupt for no apparent reason
Like daisies in the daisy season.





MANHATTAN BY-PRODUCTS

Park Avenue

Pink babies in perambulators
Emerge from velvet elevators.

The Garlic Belt

On Bleeker Street the babies' noses
Aren't pampered by the scent of roses.

Society on Riverside Drive

Small babies blink up at the sun
While nursemaids get their chatting done.

Infancy under the "L"

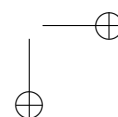
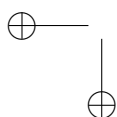
On Second Avenue the babies
Howl as if they had the rabies.

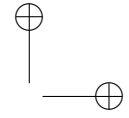
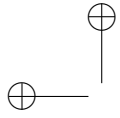
110th Street

Here in evidence prolific
Is the go-cart soporific.

The Younger Set of MacDougal Street

On baby legs that trip and wobble
A thousand infants play and squabble.



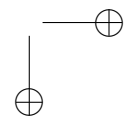
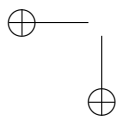


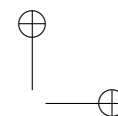
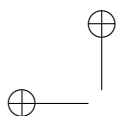
Uptown Scene

Harlem babies when they're tiny
Are ebon-hued and smooth and shiny.

Cosmopolitan Central Park

Here an infant league of nations
Carries on its operations.

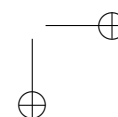
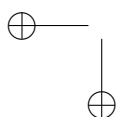


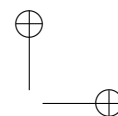
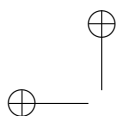


WHAT GETS MY GOAT – AND BABY'S

Want to know how to make the mother of a young baby long to caress you with an ax? One splendid way is to drop in without telephoning first to see if an audience will be convenient. You are almost bound to catch Mother doing Baby's laundry with one hurried eye on the clock. This means she is struggling to get through before Gwendolyn wakes up from her nap and clamors for outdoor sunshine and fresh air.

Of course, you can insist on having Baby waked up for just one little peek. After you've had the fun of watching her fume her way out of Slumber land, you can run along to do your shopping and have a quiet soda far from the screaming nursery. On the other hand, if you are the placid type, you can enjoy sitting around for three hours while Mother silently hates you and Gwendolyn makes her loathing excessively vocal. It's a good idea to stay until the warm sun starts sinking rapidly in the west, so that Baby will miss her airing completely. This will take the edge off her appetite for supper, while Mother will lose hers altogether. If she's a strategist, Mother can ease you out by suggesting that you help push the pram so she can get her marketing done. This will doubtless start you taking a slow departure alone. You can still win the round, though, by saying good-by several thousand times and coming back repeatedly to chuck the bellowing baby under her indignant chin. Father will hate you, too, for his dinner





will be a haphazard one wheedled from cans instead of the butcher.

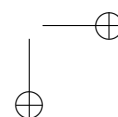
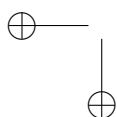
Another first-rate way to give Mamma gooseflesh is to telephone and ask what time will be convenient to come and then arrive forty-five minutes before the hour she has set. With this technique, you may be sure you will catch her making the formula. Just follow her into the kitchen and hover chattily over her busy bottles and sterilizer. She will lose count of the number of spoonfuls of malt sugar or syrup she has stirred into the mixture and will have to throw it out and start from scratch.

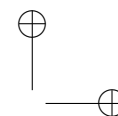
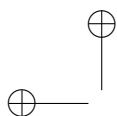
As for your etiquette toward Baby herself, there are any number of ways to make her detest you. If, on your arrival, you find Baby playing happily in her pen, don't let well enough alone. Snatch her out quickly, exclaim how heavy and strong and acrobatic she is, and then dump her on Momma. She already knows how strong Baby is, but at this moment she wishes the child were just a little stronger so that she could dash your brains out.

If Mother is too fast for you and forestalls your monkey business by ordering you not to pluck Gwendolyn from her pen, you can accomplish the same results by sitting up close to her and shaking a rattle in her face. If the baby resents your intrusion and starts screeching, you may construe this as a frantic appeal to be unpenned and hugged. Shortly after you have set her free, you will tire of dandling her, and put her on the rug, explaining to Mother that crawling is splendid exercise.

"Exercise for me," she may comment with an acid smile as she pursues the tot under the radiator and disentangles her from an electric cord just in time to keep her from being klonked by the pottery lamp attached to the other end.

Another tip: drop in just as Mother is about to feed the little wolf and sit around delaying her dinner. This will throw

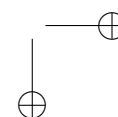
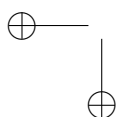


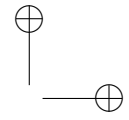
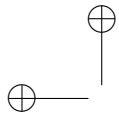


Baby into a roaring rage, so that she will forget about eating and concentrate on noise. Better still, if you arrive just after Mother has started Baby's meal and some household nitwit lets you through the door, amble right into the nursery. This will distract Gwendolyn so completely that she won't finish her food and may even have a touch of indigestion to boot.

One more hint. Whenever you are out walking and see a baby in his carriage just about to cork off, be sure to ask his mother noisily whether he resembles his father and how many teeth he has – as though it made any difference to you. If your raucous voice doesn't wake him up instantly, tweak his tootsies. That ought to do the trick and make both your victims wish you a long and active life seething with triplets.

If, however, you can honestly say you have never indulged in any of the atrocities described above, none of the foregoing diatribe is meant for you. Just skip it and come see Baby any time you feel like it.

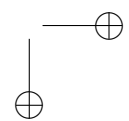
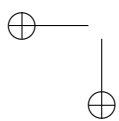


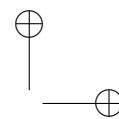
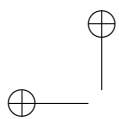


SHOPPING GUYED

I'll fall no more for hounds on wheels
Or costly plastic automobiles,
Now that I see my little man
Prefers a spoon and frying pan.

The longer I observe the boy
The more I know that every toy
I've bought, which now adorns the shelf,
Was really picked to suit myself.

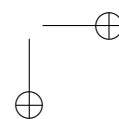
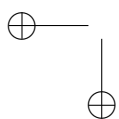


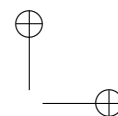
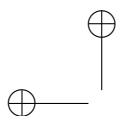


CAVE MAN STUFF

Why is it that a child destroys
His most beloved books and toys?
What makes my violent little brat
Deface his pet upholstered cat?
Why does the bear that's dearest to him
Precipitate the urge to chew him?
And what provokes the savage habit
Of vivisectioning Peter Rabbit?

It's reassuring to deduce
That when the lad goes on the loose
And blithely pulls my hair and nose,
He's clearly caught in passion's throes.
At least, homespun psychology
Would indicate he flatters me
And that there isn't any doubt
He loves me when he knocks me out.





THE FOUR STAGES OF MAN

The Horizontal

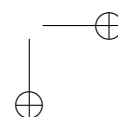
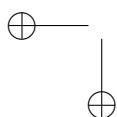
My squirt knows how to sleep and eat
And cry and burp and kick his feet
And chew his hands and smile and drool,
And I, like any other fool
Whose progeny has struck her blind,
Feel I've produced a master mind.

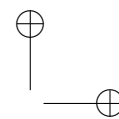
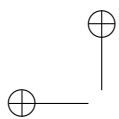
The Vertical

He sits up in his crib and carriage,
And even those who would disparage
An infant's progress now must see
He's speeding toward maturity.

Slow Motion

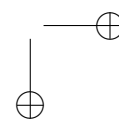
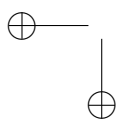
He crawls, he staggers to his feet,
Then sprawls on his protesting seat
Upon the play pen floor, and though
His mode of locomotion's slow,
His wanderlustful eyes betray
He's plotting to be on his way,
And doubtless will, because his yen
To roam is mightier than the pen.

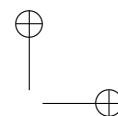
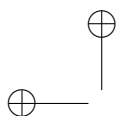




Perpetual Motion

He never learned to walk at all,
But sped from the Australian crawl
To running like a frenzied fox
With the endurance of an ox
Descended from a butterfly
Or hummingbird. Although I try
To train the rabbit not to flit,
He never yet has learned to sit
Upon his chubby derrière. . . .
He doesn't even know it's there.





MOTHER HAS HER DAY

Kind friends aren't the only people who stray from the straight and narrow. Here's a candid list of the ten worst crimes committed by ruthless mothers:

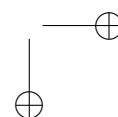
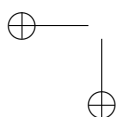
They invite guests to hold Baby, assuming that everyone wants to. In the face of polite but desperate resistance, they dump Little Miasma on their guests' protesting laps, though Baby doesn't like it either.

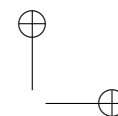
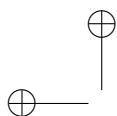
They insist that friends come early to dinner in order to admire the small pest in her pajamas. This excites Baby to the bursting point and makes her howl ferociously when – after naturally assuming she has been invited to the party – she is bedded down and left alone.

They send relatives photographs of Baby sneezing, crawling, snarling, yawning, and bathing, though Grandma would doubtless prefer a bottle of perfume for Mother's Day.

They accept and dispense sidewalk advice on the care and feeding of children, while going regularly to a pediatrician whom they pay well for professional help in matters concerning food, injections, shoes, thumbsucking, and the like.

They spar for openings in the monologues of other mothers eulogizing their babies' exploits. At the first gasp for breath, they leap triumphantly into the breach and see to it that the conversation from there on deals exclusively with the fascinating habits and dazzling brilliance of their own small fry.





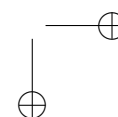
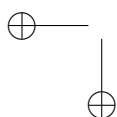
They badger friends to come and admire Baby in her bath. When invited out for cocktails, they say to the luckless hostess, "I have no one to leave Sugar with, so how about bringing her along?" Trapped, and clumsy at sidestepping such merciless suggestions, the hostess murmurs a weak, "By all means!" So Sugar goes to the cocktail party, upsets highballs into peanuts, puts sticky hands on guests' Sunday bests, effectually smothers conversation, and then goes completely berserk.

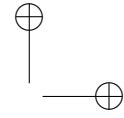
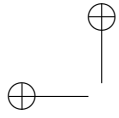
They expect the universe to be astounded that at one time or another Baby has learned to sit up, crawl, pull up in a play pen, bounce in the stroller, cut molars, say "Dada," and walk alone. Although millions of others have mastered these phenomena, Sugar is unique.

They are tigresses protecting their young if interrupted by visitors or telephone calls while Baby is dining. And are just as resentful if pals don't call up frequently in order to keep abreast of the infant prodigy's development.

They are so engrossed in Baby that they forget there are other interesting topics for light conversation and that some of their victims don't even like babies.

There are other assorted misdemeanors too numerous to mention. I ought to know, for I've been guilty of them all. I even bore my child's own father!

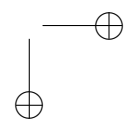
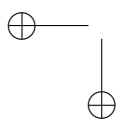


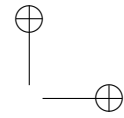
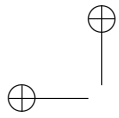


**THIS WAY TO THE
PSYCHOPATHIC WARD**

The uproar of an active child
Invariably drove me wild
Before I had a little boy
Myself. But now do I enjoy
His pandemonium? I do
Like fun. It drives me crazy too.

The only difference I can see
Is that today it vexes me
To witness grownups who do not
Appreciate my strident tot.
Although my patience may wear thin,
For theirs to ravel is a sin!



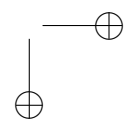
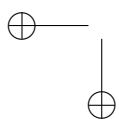


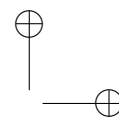
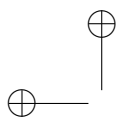
THE SEAT OF LEARNING

The Princess sits upon her throne,
Which doubles as a seat of learning,
Her virgin ABC's to bone. . .
For erudition she is burning.

From derrière to cranium
The lass epitomizes Duty.
Though beautiful, she's far from dumb –
This nifty in her birthday suitie.

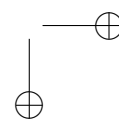
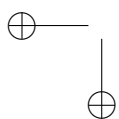
A pin-up girl she's bound to be,
For strong men go completely dotty
The very minute that they see
Our pundit perching on her potty.

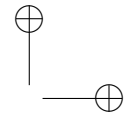
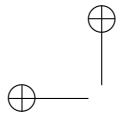




REFLECTIONS OF A TWO-YEAR-OLD

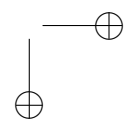
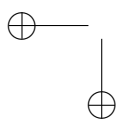
Mom claims if I keep slamming doors
And bouncing saucepans on the floors
She'll go completely "loony," so
I'll fling one more that I may know
Just what she means, because, you see,
That word's a brand-new one to me.

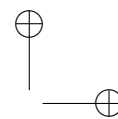
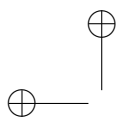




WHO'S GETTING PUSHED AROUND?

I love my tadpole more than breath,
Or bread, or drink. I'd suffer death,
Or pain, or illness, short or long,
To keep him flourishing and strong.
But candor forces me to say
I eagerly await the day
When some poor kindergarten teacher
Will wrestle with the little creature.





UNNATURAL PHENOMENON

The tots I mingle with are smart.
They know the alphabet by heart
Before they even go to school.
I've met no kindergarten fool,
No single backward child among
My friends' extraordinary young.
As wise as Solomon and witty
As Sullivan, they talk so pretty,
Their parents quote them left and right.
Each child's preposterously bright.

Now tell me why, with such a crop
Of geniuses, should brilliance stop?
Why is the intellectual colt
A creature predisposed to molt?
What makes the infant master mind
Leave all precocity behind?
What happens to these baby wizards
That they should grow up mental lizards?
When all are prodigies as pups,
How come so many dull grownups?

