

PINK PACKET

No, baby, American women have not come a long way

By Lorelei Kraft

Park Rapids, Minn.

I am not a female suffering from "delusions." I am not "unstable," "psychotic" or "schizophrenic."

I was Minnesota's Business Woman of the Year in 1988. I was a delegate to the White House Conference on Small Business in Washington, D.C., in 1986. I was named one of Corporate Report Minnesota's Outstanding Women in Business in 1989.

But 10 years ago, in 1981, I was a divorced mother of two struggling with a small business. I made an appointment to meet with a traveling Small Business Administration representative about available loan programs. When I asked for an application, he rifled through his briefcase, then said, "I must have left that particular application in my motel room. Why don't you meet me there at 5 o'clock to fill it out?" It was clear what he meant.

I tell this story because, like Anita Hill, I did nothing about it at the time. Who'd have believed me, over a man who'd been with SBA for years? Ten years ago there was little redress for those humiliating (and frequent) experiences for women.

What would I do now, 10 years later, if this man was to be appointed head of the SBA? Would I have the courage to speak out, after watching Anita Hill's treatment?

Let me try to make it easier for men to understand the social conditioning on females to keep their mouths shut.

Reverse the roles — and imagine growing up as a male in a world where everyone who has power is female: the president, Supreme Court, Congress, governors, judges, police, legislators, doctors, dentists, lawyers, school administrators, clergy.

As a boy, you are taught in church that God is female, that only females who are like God can be clergy, and only girls are worthy enough to be altar girls. You learn in school that the only accomplishments that merit attention are women's, as history

books rarely mention men. You subtly begin to absorb the knowledge that males must not be worth as much as females because they have no power.

As you go through school, your female counselors steer you into the secondary positions; you can be the dental hygienist, but not the dentist. If you protest, you are told you are "unmanly" to want women's jobs. In this world, men earn 59 cents for every dollar women earn and rarely make it to the top, as the "glass ceiling" is firmly in place. Men — no matter how old or what their job — are still called "boys."

As a teacher, you are paid less than female colleagues with the same experience. You then start your own business — and are humiliated when

Reverse roles and imagine growing up male in a world where all who have power are female.

you have to get your wife's permission for a bank loan even though she doesn't need your permission. You buy insurance through your business, and are appalled when the policy is issued in your wife's name and you are listed with the children under "dependents."

You want a vasectomy, and have to appear before a committee of women doctors to beg for the right. You got divorced; the awarded child support is not enforced and you struggle to make ends meet. When you look to governmental agencies for help, it is often suggested that meetings continue in motel rooms.

At home, you learn you have no legal protection, as more men get battered in their homes every year than get married. You whisper with male friends about husbands who are being beaten, many by wives who are pillars of the community — but police won't interfere in "domestic dis-

putes." You watch men who press rape or sexual harassment charges get dragged through the mud until they become the ones on trial.

Not a pretty picture, is it? Yet all of the above happened to me and many women of Anita Hill's generation. These are *not* things that happen to men, which is why they cannot imagine the intimidating, fearful effect of society's long-term conditioning on women when they are treated like children and second-class citizens with little legal rights.

And so I remember in humiliation the "good" men over the years who told obscene jokes and described pornography and demanded sexual favors and didn't think as "just warm-blooded males" they were doing anything wrong.

I feel again the utter frustration and anger of having to battle for rights men automatically had. I had not even heard of the word "feminist." I only knew that the discrimination *wasn't right* because I was a human being first and a female second.

Why should Anita Hill have battled the system 10 years ago? The crucifying she suffered in 1991 ("psychotic," "fantasizing," "unstable") by the all-male Judiciary Committee was exactly what she would have faced in 1981. The good old boys of the "kinder, gentler" White House protected their own with a smear campaign of sound-bite character assassination worthy of the defense in any rape trial — which is what prevents many women from coming forward.

And my anger starts to grow again, as I read study after study showing that girls today still have low self-esteem compared with boys. Society is continuing to teach little girls the same things about their lack of value and power that my generation was taught, and women in the workplace are still suffering discrimination in pay, promotion and harassment.

No, baby, we have not come a long way.

Lorelei Kraft, of Park Rapids, is the owner of Lorelei Studios, a candle manufacturing firm.

THE RULES OF COURTLY LOVE

Love is a certain inborn suffering derived from the sight of and excessive meditation upon the beauty of the opposite sex, which causes each one to wish above all things the embraces of the other and by common desire to carry out all of love's precepts in the other's embraces.

1. Marriage is no real excuse for not loving.
2. He who is not jealous cannot love.
3. No one can be bound by a double love.
4. It is well known that love is always increasing or decreasing.
5. That which a lover takes against the will of his beloved has no relish.
6. Boys do not love until they arrive at the age of maturity.
7. When one lover dies, a widowhood of two years is required of the survivor.
8. No one should be deprived of love without the very best of reasons.
9. No one can love unless he is impelled by the persuasion of love.
10. Love is always a stranger in the home of avarice.
11. It is not proper to love any woman whom one would be ashamed to seek to marry.
12. A true lover does not desire to embrace in love anyone except his beloved.
13. When made public, love rarely endures.
14. The easy attainment of love makes it of little value: difficulty of attainment makes it prized.
15. Every lover regularly turns pale in the presence of his beloved.
16. When a lover suddenly catches sight of his beloved, his heart palpitates.
17. A new love puts to flight an old one.
18. Good character alone makes any man worthy of love.
19. If love diminishes, it quickly fails and rarely revives.
20. A man in love is always apprehensive.
21. Real jealousy always increases the feeling of love.
22. Jealousy, and therefore love, are increased when one suspects his beloved.
23. He whom the thought of love vexes eats and sleeps very little.
24. Every act of a lover ends in the thought of his beloved.
25. A true lover considers nothing good except what he thinks will please his beloved.
26. Love can deny nothing to love.
27. A lover can never have enough of the solaces of his beloved.
28. A slight presumption causes a lover to suspect his beloved.
29. A man who is vexed by too much passion usually does not love.
30. A true lover is constantly and without intermission possessed by the thought of his beloved.
31. Nothing forbids one woman being loved by two men or one man by two women.

Looking Pretty, Waiting for the Prince

By Lila Johnson

As a senior, Lila Johnson uncovered the "secret education" that cartoons, advertising, and the media slipped into her life. She wrote this article to educate others about the inaccurate visions Disney & Co. sell children.

My two brothers and I lived for our daily cartoon fix. We hungered for the vibrant reds, blues, and yellows that raced around our screen for an insane hour or two.

When we were away from the tube, we assumed the roles of our favorite characters: Bugs Bunny, that wise-cracking, carrot-munching rabbit; Yosemite Sam, rough and tough shoot-'em-down cowboy; and Popeye, the all-American spinach-guzzling sailor. We took our adopted identities outside and to school where our neighbors and friends did the same.

Now, as a senior in high school, I see that cartoons are not just lighthearted, wacky fun. Animated material touches on such sensitive issues as roles of men and women in society, and people of color.

Cartoons are often the birthplace of the cultural stereotypes we learn and remember, as I do today: the idea that Indians are savages — tomahawks and moccasins, teepees and war paint — the bad guys who pursued my favorite cowboys, or the belief that Arabs have nothing better to do than to tear across deserts in robes while swinging fierce swords and yelping like alien creatures.

These notions didn't just occur to my brothers and me magically. We saw Indians in our afternoon cartoons and on some of our favorite Disney movies like *Peter Pan*. We witnessed villainous Arabs thieve their way through violent episodes of *Popeye*.

What is not seen in relation to people of different cultures can be as harmful as some of the things that are seen. People of color are rarely seen as the heroes of animated presentations. I can think of only one Disney classic where

Cartoons are often the birthplace of cultural stereotypes.

a person of color is the principal and heroic character — *The Jungle Book*. Not an impressive list.

Children search for personal identity. In first grade I adored Bonnie Bondell, a girl in my class. She wasn't a cartoon character, but she could have been. She had glossy blonde hair and blue eyes. She had a sparkly smile and a sweet voice. She could have been Cinderella's younger sister or Sleeping Beauty's long lost cousin. For those reasons, I longed to be just like her.

I look at old photos of myself now, and have decided that I was pretty cute. I wasn't a traditional cutie, and that's exactly what bothered me then. My father is African American and my mother is German and Irish. Put the two together and I'm the result. Olive complexion, dark curly hair, brown and green eyes. All wrong. At least according to the "Fairy Tale Book of Standards."

The pride that I had in myself as a person with a colorful heritage did not blossom before it was crushed. The pride that I had in myself as a female was following the same path.

Women's roles in cartoons lack the cleverness and depth of their male counterparts. Instead, they are laced with helplessness and ignorance. The women are often in need of rescue — they seem incapable of defending or helping themselves. When they aren't

busy being rescued, they spend their time looking pretty, waiting for a prince.

In first grade, these illustrations moved me to action. They influenced me to push aside my slacks and rustic bike and turn to dresses and dolls. I had to start practicing perfection if I was going to be happy. Weak, helpless, boring, I struggled to be all of those, then I could call myself a princess, an awkward one, but a princess nonetheless.

At the same time, my brothers swung guns and swords like they were attached to their hands. They tossed aside their piles of books and tubs of clay — heroes didn't read or create — they fought! So they flexed their wiry muscles and wrestled invisible villains. They dressed, ate, talked, became miniature models of their violent heroes.

Sometimes it was fun, like a game, playing our parts. But we began to feel unhappy when we saw that some things weren't quite right. As I said — I wasn't Bonnie Bondell or Cinderella. My brothers, never destined to be hulks, went to great lengths to grow big, but gallons of milk and daily measurements didn't help. It wasn't a game anymore.

I have some fond memories of those afternoons with my brothers, yet I know that I will also remember them for the messages I swallowed as easily as gum drops. My newfound awareness has enabled me to better understand those messages I absorbed and the ones I observe daily, whether on billboards, in movies, or in magazines. I see them in a new light. A critical one. I don't have to be a princess to be happy or pretty. I don't need to rely on characters to learn about real people.

I proudly perceive myself as an exuberant, creative, responsible, open-minded individual who will never be reduced to a carbon copy of a fictional being. □

Lila Johnson wrote this while a senior at Jefferson High School, in Portland, Ore.

What fairy tales teach

children about

stepmothers and betrayal

Shu Dib 5/15/91



Snow White's wicked stepmother: an acceptable villain.

by Marina Warner

London
In many fairy tales, from the best-loved such as "Cinderella" to lesser known stories such as "Donkeyskin," a corpse lies hidden: the body of the heroine's mother.

Beauty in "Beauty and the Beast," Rapunzel, Snow White and Cinderella are all motherless children.

The disappearance of their mothers seems taken for granted in the stories: The reasons for their death are seldom given, and the women are rarely glimpsed alive.

The mothers in fairy tales were not always absent: Snow White was originally persecuted by her natural mother, Hansel and Gretel were abandoned by both their natural parents and in Charles Perrault's "Sleeping Beauty," written in the 17th century, the prince's mother even wants to eat her grandchildren and then her daughter-in-law.

But romantic editors, such as the Grimm Brothers, rebelled against this desecration of motherhood and changed mothers into wicked stepmothers.

The wicked stepmother was a familiar and more acceptable villain for an audience of children, and since then psychoanalysts, such as Bruno Bettelheim, have emphasized the therapeutic

function of splitting mothers into good and bad.

Women, especially as mothers, are still the guardians of morality.

The literature of Mother's Day, the greetings cards and media advertising, reveals how deeply women are sentimentally idealized.

But adoration almost always leads to disillusionment and punishment for failing to perform correctly.

In the film "The Grifters," Anjelica Huston steps into the tradition and outdoes her predecessors in ruthlessness, greed and sexual predatoriness as the noir anti-mother.

Nancy Reagan's purported avarice and wickedness are currently delighting readers, as her husband's political disasters pale in significance.

Treating fairy tales as repositories of universal psychological truths obscures their relationship to changing social circumstances.

Bad mothers should not be considered archetypes but as figures against a historical background.

The stories of Cinderella and Snow White record rivalries between women of the family and women who married into the households of medieval and early modern Europe.

When women frequently died young,

often in childbirth, the new wife strove on behalf of her own children against her predecessor's offspring.

In England before the Norman conquest there are numerous examples of second wives scheming to oust earlier heirs, even to the point of murdering them.

Women's dependence on men made them compete against one another for the breadwinner's favor. It set sister against sister and the older generation against the younger.

The most vulnerable group in a household were old women, past the immediate usefulness of child-bearing and housework; a crone was also often the storyteller, the Mother Goose of folklore, who is represented at the hearth in children's books, with her spinning wheel, finger raised and a group of rapt children around her...

The old women of a household interpreted traditional story material in the light of their own experiences, and they sought to win the allegiance of their audience, reminding them that old crones such as themselves, however ugly and foolish and useless, might be powerful fairies in disguise, who could work magic.

In fairy tales one can hear the voice of an old woman at risk, accusing the female head of the household of cruelty or doing away with her altogether. She often pleads with the youngest members of the family to be kind to her, claiming that she has secret means to reward them for their support.

The bad mother of the fairy tale often reflects the storyteller's insecurities.

Family structures today have, of course, changed beyond recognition.

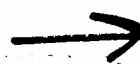
However, many traditional stories have stood still and have come to perpetuate prejudices and hatreds even after the historical conditions from which they grew have faded.

The splitting of mothers into good and bad, as reflected in the popular conventions of the fairy tale, has serious social consequences in a world of divorce, remarriage and single parents.

In fairy tales a proper mother is above reproach, and stepchildren are led to believe they must never betray their own mothers by accepting a stepmother as kind and loving, not wicked.

At present the mother's corpse lies offstage in the fairy tale because the only mother good enough to be a "good mother" is a dead one.

Marina Warner, author of "The Last Father" and "Alone of All Her Sex: The Myth and the Cult of the Virgin Mary," wrote this article for the *New York Times*.



ANNA QUINDLEN
Mother's Choice

ed. by Timothy W. Crusius and Carolyn E. Channell
Mountain View, CA: Newfield Pub. Co. 1995

As Betty Friedan notes in "The Half-Life of Reaction," many feminists in the 1960s and 1970s devalued the role of motherhood. Even in the 1980s, the "family values" decade, New York Times columnist Anna Quindlen felt she needed to defend her decision to quit working full-time so that she could stay home and raise her two small sons. In evaluating her purpose for writing, consider to what extent she uses her own experience to persuade other women to make the same choice she did.

I AM a mom. It's not all I am. But it's the identity that seems to cling to me most persistently right now, like ivy on the walls of an old stone house. Perhaps this is because, just over two years ago, I ditched a perfectly good full-time job in the office for two perfectly good part-time jobs at home, one writing, the other making Tollhouse cookies with assistants who always get eggshell in the batter and praising people who manage to go in the toilet one time out of three. It's a terrific life, but that's not how it's perceived by the outside world. When I quit the job that did not include eggshells and toilet training, there was a kind of solemn attitude toward what I was doing, not unlike the feeling people have about Carmelite nuns. People thought I was Doing the Noble Thing. They also thought I was nuts.

There are valid and complicated reasons why they were wrong, but they haven't been ventilated enough. There has always been a feeling on the part of moms that the Women's Movement has not taken them seriously, has in fact denigrated what they do, unless they do it in a Third World country or do it while running a Fortune 500 company and the New York marathon.

I once felt this same way about moms. Like almost everything else, this feeling had to do with the past. When I was growing up, motherhood was a kind of cage. The moms I knew had more children than they probably would have chosen, spaced closer together than they probably would have liked. Smart, dumb, rich, poor—as soon as you started throwing up in the powder room at parties and walking around in those horrible little pup-tent dresses your life was over. Your husband still went out every day, talked to other adults about adult things, whether it was the Red Sox bullpen or the price of steel. And you stayed home and felt your mind turn to the stuff that you put in little bowls and tried to spoon into little mouths and eventually wound up wiping off of little floors.

By the time I was a grown-up, the answer, if you were strong and smart and wanted to be somebody, was not to be a mom. I certainly didn't want to be one. I wanted my blouses to stay clean. I wanted my plants to have leaves. And I wanted to climb unencumbered up to the top of whatever career ladder I managed to cling to. The Women's Movement was talking about new choices. Being a mom was an old one, and one that reeked of reliance on a man and loss of identity. What kind of choice was that? So I exchanged one sort of enforced role

for another, exchanging poor downtrodden mom, with Pablum in her hair, for tough lonely career woman, eating take-out Chinese from the cardboard container. I was neither imaginative nor secure enough to start from scratch. So my choice wasn't about choice at all, only about changing archetypes.

I suppose I only really learned about choice when I chose to devote more of my time to a life I had previously misunderstood and undervalued: that is, when I became a mom. I was finally strong and smart enough to do something that left me vulnerable but made me feel terrific, too. I should say that it's challenging and invigorating, that the future of the next generation is in my hands. But that doesn't have much to do with my real life. About half of being a mom is just like being a mom was for my mother. It's exhausting and grungy and chaotic, and there's an enormous amount of sopping things up with paper towels and yelling things like "Don't you ever stick something like that in his ear again or I will throw you out the window!" It has nothing to do with Doing the Noble Thing.

(Here is the Noble Thing part, at least from a feminist perspective: I am raising boys here. I am teaching them to cook. I am making a game out of putting dirty clothes in the hamper. I am refusing to create Princes. If it kills me, I am going to make at least two sensitive, caring, honest individuals who know what to do with a wire whisk and what wash temperature permanent-press shirts require. Whose idea of the average woman is someone smart, aggressive, and mouthy, with her own surname and checking account.)

I wanted to be somebody, and now I am—several somebodies, to be exact. And one of them is Mom, who has job responsibility for teaching two human beings much of what they will know about feeling safe and secure, about living comfortably with other people, and with themselves. It's a job I'm good at, but that's not really why I chose it. I chose it because, while half of it is exhausting and maddening and pretty horrible, the other half is about as fun as anything has ever been in my life. Going to the playground, picking people up at school, reading "Curious George," a hundred thousand times, building castles at the beach, watching barbershop haircuts in the mirror, making Tollhouse cookies, praising people who go in the toilet: For me, this is about as good as it gets. One of the reasons I became a feminist is because I really believe that, at some level, women are better. And lots of women realize that work is great and work is money and work is ego enhancing. But, at a certain point, it's simply work—no more, no less. They realize that when men are still developing strategies for their careers, along with clogged arteries.

I love my work. Always have. But I have another job now and it's just as good. I don't need anyone to validate me anymore with a byline or a bonus, which is a good thing, because this job still doesn't get much validation, at least until it's over and you've helped raise someone who isn't a cheat or a con man. I don't need validation. I'm having fun instead.

That's why I did what I did. I didn't do it for the kids. I did it for me. Isn't that what we feminists were supposed to be supporting, a little healthy selfishness? I didn't feel guilty about being away all day at work. I just knew I was kissing the

best time of my life. Like today. Two guys asked me to have pizza and watch *Sleeping Beauty* with them. Do you remember how terrific *Sleeping Beauty* is, with those three fat little fairies named Flora, Fauna, and Merryweather? I could have been at the office, but instead I Did the Noble Thing: two slices with extra cheese and a long discussion of the difference between enchanted sleep and death.

Questions for Discussion

1. In paragraphs 3 and 4, Quindlen presents the opposing view to her position—reasons for not choosing motherhood. What strategies does she use to undermine or discredit women's fears of undertaking the role of "mom"?
2. Quindlen says her reasons for choosing motherhood have nothing to do with self-sacrifice or doing the "Noble Thing." What are her reasons? In particular, what are her reasons for claiming that motherhood is actually superior to other work (see paragraphs 7 and 8)? What assumptions and values are these reasons based on?
3. How is Quindlen's experience with motherhood different from the "cage" she describes in paragraph 3? How does her style of writing help to persuade us that motherhood is fun?
4. What factors in Quindlen's life have enabled her to choose to stay home with her children? How realistic is this choice for most mothers? What factors have helped her to see this lifestyle as a choice rather than a trap?

For Inquiry and Convincing

A sociologist at the University of Illinois, Catherine E. Ross, studied 1,000 families in 1990 to research the effects of parenthood on psychological well-being. Ross found that the happiest women were those with no children and a job, while the most depressed were those who stayed home with their children. Do additional research into the question of whether women in general are happier working outside of the home or staying at home with their young children. Write an argument that uses such broadly based evidence to support or refute Quindlen's case for choosing to stay home.

For Inquiry and Persuasion

Quindlen suggests that women are "better" than men (paragraph 7), and that for this reason, many of them find child-rearing a rewarding experience. Inquire into the issue of whether men can be just as nurturing as women. (As the title of the movie *Mr. Mom* suggests, when men do take on the primary parenting role, are they taking on some sex-specific character traits?) Write a persuasive argument, aimed at men, that will make them willing to put their careers on the back burner while they stay home with their young children.

wanna wtd

How much have

things really changed?

Aplb Star Trib
Fri Mar
23, 1970

Society smiles upon women who have said 'I do'

By Mary Anne Myers

New York Life as a single woman in the post-feminist age isn't all that it's cracked up to be. Limitless choices may exist on the professional front, but the deck of social attitudes is still stacked against us. Until recently this was a mere suspicion, confirmed only by my single, female, thirtysomething friends who are decidedly biased.

But when I read a comment by Erik Sorenson, executive producer of "CBS This Morning" about Paula Zahn, Kathleen Sullivan's replacement as anchor, I knew this prejudice was more than a figment of an insecure imagination. Sorenson was quoted as saying that the biggest difference between the two women had to do with their personal lives.

"Paula's married with a child," Sorenson said. "Kathleen is a single woman . . . You get some differences in how settled a person feels and their comfort levels. On morning shows they reveal part of themselves."

I've been a fan of Sullivan since her days at ABC and she never struck me

as being uncomfortable about anything more profound than occasionally tripping over her lines. I never knew whether she was married or not, nor did I care and I still don't.

Now that women have more alternatives, marriage has become synonymous with "settling down" for both sexes. I guess Sorenson's comment reflects the level of equality that my gender has achieved.

From what I have seen of marriage among the members of my generation, though, it is hardly a settling experience. Still, Sorenson echoes a sentiment that remains firmly ingrained in our culture.

I recently heard a story about a rising female executive at a still-respectable Wall Street firm. In describing her promotion potential to a new member of senior management, her superior endorsed her in these idyllic terms: "She's married, better still to an attorney who works long hours. She has no kids and no problems."

Whether or not he commented on her professional abilities I can't say, but her preferred marital status was clearly near the top of the list of her positive attributes.

Does anyone notice the paradox of a society that says no matter how much success a woman achieves, she hasn't really made it until she says "I do"? As one of my married friends loves to say, "I graduated Phi Beta Kappa from college and I got taken out to dinner. I made law review and my mother sent me a sweater. But I found a man to marry and I was deluged with congratulations in the form of place settings, crystal, matching luggage, microwaves and VCRs."

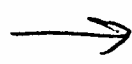
I'm feeling rather settled myself these days. I've started my own business and am committed to buying my apartment and staying in one place for a while. I even go grocery shopping and make my bed every day. I own furniture and dishes that match. I have good friends and my social life is just fine. I feel fairly fortunate.

I hope Kathleen Sullivan feels the same way. May her next assignment be in a place where Sorenson's concerns are not the issue.

Mary Anne Myers, a corporate communications consultant, wrote this article for the New York Times.



Paula Zahn



For Optimal CC or PR entries

RECOMMENDATION FOR A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE

HAVE A DINNER READY: Plan ahead, even the night before, to have a delicious meal -- on time. This is a way of letting him know that you have been thinking about him and are concerned about his needs. Most men are hungry when they come home and the prospects of a good meal are a part of the warm welcome needed.

PREPARE YOURSELF: Take 15 minutes to rest so you will be refreshed when he arrives. Touch up your makeup, put a ribbon in your hair and be fresh looking. He has just been with a lot of work-weary people. Be a little gay and a little more interesting. His boring day may need a lift.

CLEAR AWAY THE CLUTTER: Make one last trip through the main part of the house just before your husband arrives, gathering up school books, toys, paper, etc. Then run a dust cloth over the tables. Your husband will feel he has reached a haven of rest and order, and it will give you a lift too.

PREPARE THE CHILDREN: Take a few minutes to wash the children's hands and faces (if they are small) comb their hair, and if necessary, change their clothes. They are little treasures and he would like to see them playing the part.

MINIMIZE ALL NOISE: At the time of his arrival, eliminate all noise of washer, dryer, dishwasher or vacuum. Try to encourage the children to be quiet. Be happy to see him: Greet him with a warm smile and be glad to see him.

SOME DON'TS: Don't greet him with problems or complaints. Don't complain if he's late for dinner. Count this as minor compared with what he might have gone through that day.

MAKE HIM COMFORTABLE: Have him lean back in a comfortable chair or suggest he lie down in the bedroom. Have a cool or warm drink ready for him. Arrange his pillow and offer to take off his shoes. Speak in a low, soft, soothing and pleasant voice. Allow him to relax -- unwind.

LISTEN TO HIM: You may have a dozen things to tell him, but the moment of his arrival is not the time. Let him talk first.

MAKE THE EVENING HIS: Never complain if he does not take you out to dinner or to other places of entertainment. Instead, try to understand his world of strain and pressure, his need to be home and relax.

THE GOAL: Try to make your home a place of peace and order where your husband can renew himself in body and spirit.

FROM: 1950 Home Economics Text Book

Whoa!



How times have changed.
(or have they?)