

That's My Mom

CLARISSA HOLLANDER

With a dab of flour on her nose and a twinkle in her eyes the not too plump little woman stepped to the front of the stage. The scene was the auditorium of the local synagogue. The occasion was a meeting of the Sisterhood of the congregation. The program was a baking demonstration by Mrs. David Hollander. Mrs. Hollander was to show the ladies the fine art of making Viennese flaky cookies.

The very same Mrs. Hollander who highlighted the above affair is the leading lady in an everyday performance at her home. Her talent in the culinary arts is carried over into her home, for she is also an expert cook. Her fame is widespread, and her turkey dinners are remembered for many weeks.

Mrs. Hollander also takes care of the preliminaries connected with preparing a dinner for a large group of people. When one of the organizations she belongs to plans a dinner, she is often called upon to determine the quantity of food to be purchased. After years of experience she is able to estimate the amount so closely that there is very little material wasted.

As a hostess at the local Serviceman's Center, Mrs. Hollander has an opportunity to display her ability as the friendly, affectionate individual she is known as by her wide circle of friends and acquaintances. She has entertained at least two hundred soldiers and sailors in her home in the past four years. Those men who have been guests in the Hollander household will always remember Mrs. Hollander's personal interest in them. Very few weeks pass that she doesn't receive a letter or a card from one of "her boys." They are scattered all over the globe, but they don't

forget their sojourn in Indianapolis.

Returning to Mother herself one realizes that she has a limitless supply of patience. My young sister often asks extremely foolish questions, which are characteristic of children, but they are answered with the same respect as a question of utmost importance. When Mother's committee members forget to arrive at a meeting, and when they neglect to complete the tasks assigned them, she grits her teeth, smiles, and excuses them.

Mother's inexhaustible source of energy is a mystery to everyone. She manages to take care of her home, including laundry work, and still have time and energy for meetings and parties. After a day of cleaning and cooking and baking she dresses up and goes out for an evening of relaxation and pleasure.

Her proud and erect carriage is lovely to behold. She wears her dark wavy hair a simple, attractive style; once in a while she indulges in an extreme hat just to satisfy her personal vanity. Normally she wears conservative, tailored clothes.

In an average week Mother has about three meetings to attend, and she is invited out two or three afternoons. She writes to her sons once or twice a week, and she keeps up a large correspondence with relatives and friends from New York to Los Angeles. There is always someone dropping in to spend the evening; consequently, a good supply of cookies must be kept on hand. This requires a few hours extra in the kitchen.

Life is not dull for Mother. She enjoys living and giving of herself to others to help make their lives happy.