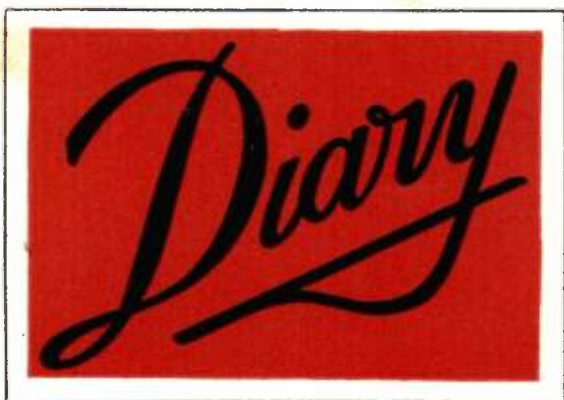




TEDDY BARBOUR

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Diary

TEDDY BARBOUR

Dear friend:

Here is my diary and I am glad you wanted to read it and see Paul's drawings. It makes both of us feel awful good inside to know you like us enough to want to have my diary.

And I am glad you like us enough to buy Tender Leaf Tea. Paul says if you keep on buying Tender Leaf Tea, you can keep on hearing us on the radio, because when you buy Tender Leaf Tea that is what keeps us on the air.

Anyway I guess you will just naturally use Tender Leaf Tea because it tastes so good.

Your friend
Teddy

P.S. I hope you like my diary as much as you like the tea.

T.B.



P.S. This is a picture of Paul and me being happy about you liking us. Paul drew it.

Diary

Diary



Paul drew this picture of me writing my diary. He says for me to leave spaces in the book for him. Then he will draw pictures of all the things I write in the book, so I can show it to my grand children.

Diary

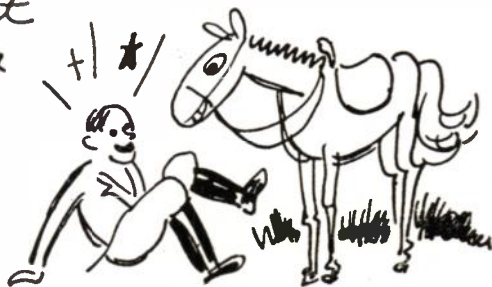
April 5, 1936

Dear New Diary. I hope you liked Paul's picture of me writing in you. Please don't mind if Paul reads what I write you. Everything will still be just as much of a secret because I tell Paul everything. Except Christmas presents. I have told Paul everything ever since he adopted me.

We are at Sky Ranch. Beth Holly is here too. She just came back from New York because Mr. Philip Spencer was not a good husband to her and she doesn't like him any more. And I am glad. I always DID say Miss Holly belonged to Paul and me.

April 6, 1936

Father Barbour fell off a horse today. He wasn't ever on a horse before. The horse started to run and Father Barbour pulled



Diary

look hard on the river he says
and the horse stood on his hind
leg and Brother Bonham slid off.
Over the back of the horse. He
won't hunt. Everybody got a
good laugh except the horse
and Brother Bonham.

April 12, 1930

People don't tell me anything, hardly.
But I know there's something the
matter with Claudia & her.
Paul says "just one last thing."
And I heard Brother Bonham say
Claudia will ruin her life yet
if she ~~don't~~ doesn't make out.

And Mother Bonham said, Every

young wife finds
herself too down
and then makes
up. It takes time
for her to accept
it. "Dear Henry.
There is a message
of Mother Bonham

April 15, 1930

They have a new
sawing cost down at the Ranch

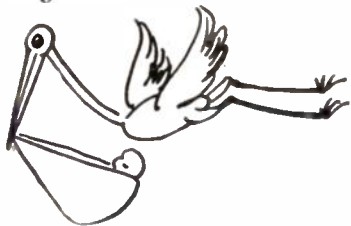


Diary

He is an orphan and Claudia has adopted him and calls him "Sky Baby". He is all legs mostly and he sucks your fingers when you put them in a pail of milk. He is sweet.



April 18, 1936



The most exciting thing. The stork is coming to Hazel and Bill's house. I know better than "storks" but I am

keeping this diary for my grand children so I got to be careful what I write.

April 22, 1936

Everybody in the family is awfully upset. Mr. Spencer, that's Miss Holly's husband that she has gone away from, is suing her for a divorce. And he is suing Paul for alienation of affection, they call it. I am glad because then

Diary

that old Spencer will go away and Miss Holly will be just Paul's and mine.

May 3, 1936

Cliff and Claudia went down to the seawall this afternoon. When they came back Claudia had been crying. Cliff looked awful glum. Nicky is glum too. I guess something pretty bad is happening.

May 6, 1936

Father Barbour says Paul and Miss Holly should ought to fight Mr. Spencer in court. But they aren't going to.



Paul says an undigested divorce is better. Paul says the word is uncontested not undigested and he says it isn't really a fight anyway but he will draw a picture like as if it was.

Diary

May 10, 1936

Jack and Cliff are putting on a
concert to see which can bring
the nicest girl to the house. They
each got three chances and the
family is going to be the judge.
Jack and Cliff are always
~~going~~ arguing about their girls.
I guess girls are about the
most argument thing there is.



May 17, 1936

I know something
was going to
happen. About
Clodia, I mean.
She just got up
and left for England. She said
she was just going to be
gone two or three months.
But Nicky acts like she wasn't
even coming back. Father
Barlow doesn't like it a

bit. I wish they would tell
me more about THINGS.

Diary

May 24, 1936

Tonight was the first night in Jack and Cliff's girl contest. Jack brought a girl named Sally and Cliff's girl was named Irene. Irene was very beautiful. but she had on a lot of strong perfume which Father Barbour says he is very old fashioned about so Irene did not win. Jack's girl won EASY.

May 31, 1936

The most exciting thing happened. Everybody thought Mr. Spencer was in New York. But he was here in San Francisco and he followed Miss Holly to our house and made an awful lot of trouble and Father Barbour ordered him out of the house. And now Miss Holly is going to stay here until after the Divorce. Dear Diary, the snapshot is of Miss Holly.



Diary

Tonight Jack and Cliff brought their SECOND girls to be judged and Jack's girl won again.

June 7, 1936

Tonight Jack and Cliff brought their THIRD girls and this time Cliff brought the NICEST girl and the family voted that she was best of all six. So Cliff wins the contest. And is Jack burned up! Claudia is in England. Miss Holly says maybe she will go and see Claudia over there when the divorce is over.

June 17, 1936

I don't know what is going to happen to me. I didn't know I was doing wrong. Today was Miss Holly's divorce trial and Mr. Spencer's lawyer called me to get up on the stand. I asked Paul what to say and he said to tell the truth that's all. So I told the judge the



Diary

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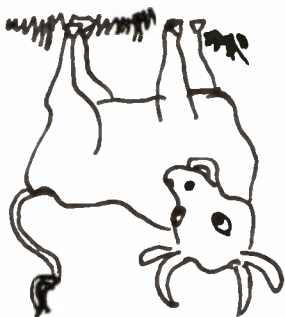
truth. I said Miss Molly belonged to Paul and me and we didn't want Mr. Spencer around, and then Paul looked at me as if I'd done something awful. And then Mr. Spencer got the divorce. I'm sorry if I said something awful. But Paul wouldn't stop loving me, would he, Daisy?

June 24, 1936

Miss Molly took a ship to England as it looks like I didn't help much by getting her a divorce. I mean Paul and I haven't got her as much now as we had her before.

July 31, 1936

Paul got after me for not writing down things for more than a month, but nothing much has happened. Claudia and



Miss Molly are still in England and we hardly see anything of Mickey at all. We just stop down on the Sleg Ranch

Diary

1936

We are all down at Mabel and Bill's doing work for the week end. We have a new car called Billy the Bull and Bill says Mr. Thomas's nose is out of joint. Mr. Thomas is the old bull. We have more fun at making time going down to the farm and acquiring milk right from the cow into the butter's mouths. They like it.

August 1, 1936

The scariest THING!

Billy fell in the swimming hole and Paul just got there in time to save him from dying of drowning at Mabel's Mabel as Paul also got to crying and couldn't stop. Then all of a sudden they had to take Mabel into town to the hospital. &

know! STORKS! There is Mabel.



Diary

August 2, 1936

It's a girl! and now Hank and Pink have a little sister. Bill named her Margaret after his mother. Bill was allowed to name her because Hazel named the twins. I wish they ~~had~~ had called her Beth.

August 4, 1936

Diary, I TOLD you something was the matter with Claudia. I cut this out of a gossip column in our paper.

Everybody feels awfully sorry for Nicky. Cliff said, "Doggone Claud anyway."

and will arrive on Monday's boat.

Rumors from London mention the name of San Francisco's Lady Lacey, the former Claudia Barbour Roberts, and now the wife of Capt. Nicholas Lacey, Bart. Her name is linked with that of a spectacular figure of London night life, the Honorable Virgil Deering. Deering and the charming young American matron seem to prefer each other's company

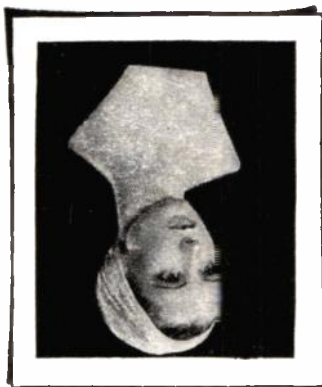
The new Club Monaco was the scene last evening of

August 5, 1936

About everybody in the house sent Claud a radiogram and I guess it scared her pretty bad on account she sent a radio-

Diary

grow right rock she was com-
ing home. I hope Missnelly
comes too. Dear Diary, here is a
picture of Claudia that all this
is about.



August 9, 1936

I saw Baby Margaret today. She
was so funny and cute. I
just wanted to hug her.
I'm going to have babies and
babies and babies and
I grow up except Dad
says I have to have
a husband too and
I think I'm a
stupid.



Diary

August 16, 1936

Claudia is home! I heard Mother Barbour tell Father Barbour she'd never seen such a chasened young woman. Whatever that means. Claud said it wasn't her fault at all. Claud says it was all that Deering man's fault.

Claud says the Deering man followed her around and she had to be nice to him or make a scene. She didn't want to make a scene because he knew all Nicky's friends in England. and it would make a scandal. Claud has made everything all right with the family but not with Nicky yet.

August 17, 1936

Claudia and Nicky are together again. Here is their picture, Diary. Everything's



Diary

all right, I guess, only I heard Cloud say Nicky wouldn't ~~let~~ let her tell him what happened over there. He said it was a closed chapter.

August 20, 1936

We were all at the Sky Ranch. Cloud and Cliff went for a walk this morning and met a Civet cat. 'Skunk' isn't very refined I don't think. Anyway they met it, but not in the worst way.



August 22, 1936

The most EXCITING THING!

I forgot all about today being ~~my~~ the Third Anniversary of my being adopted by Paul. But the family didn't forget. They gave me the NICEST party with presents and

Diary

everything. Anyway, I am the luckiest girl in the whole world.

Along, here is a picture of my Dad.



November 27, 1936

Oh dear. Sometimes it's an awful lot of trouble keeping up with your diary. There are missed almost three months again and I really must keep a good record for my grandmother. She was one of my good days. Nothing much happened, but it was fun.

Diary

November 30, 1936

You know, Diary, the house next door belongs to Claudia. She rents it to people. But the last people moved out six months ago. And now it's an empty house.

This afternoon the queerest thing happened. Claudia and Cliff went over to inspect it because you have to do that to an empty house. And SOMEBODY locked them in a bedroom upstairs. They got out and the men folks went over and searched but didn't find any thing.

Dear Diary, do you believe in ghosts?



Diary

December 1, 1936

They found Claudia's handkerchief in the empty house.

Now Father Barbour thinks she's been meeting somebody over there. She says she hasn't, but she won't tell us what she DOES know.



Ooooooooooh, but it's exciting.

December 2, 1936

More THRILLS! Today Jack told Father Barbour that HE was the ghost and the mysterious Mr. X over at the house next door. Jack has been meeting Betty Carter over there he says. He says he didn't know he was getting Claudia



Diary

into trouble by not telling. If he knew that he would have told sooner. Father Barbour was ~~awful~~ awful angry. He went to Betty's folks. They all decided Jack and Betty can't see each other for awhile.

December 7, 1936

Young folks have just GOT to snoop if they ever want to find out anything. Anyway, I heard Paul telling Cliff and Cloud what Really happened in the house next door. Jack and Betty were keeping a man named Danny Frank over there. They were feeding him and everything. Danny Frank was an old sweetheart of



Diary

Hazel's before she knew Bill. Jack and Betty thought it would be romantic to keep him over there so he could get a glimpse of Hazel without Hazel seeing him. Paul says nobody can tell Hazel or Father Barbour. It is liable to cause trouble. I don't understand why, but it is something about Hazel's past, or something, so we've got to keep it a secret, Diary.

December 18, 1936

goodness. EVERYTHING happened today.

Jack and Betty eloped

to Reno in an auto. Paul and Father Barbour and Mr. Carter went after them in one of Paul's airplanes and brought them home. Jack was going to leave home. But Hazel and the others talked to him for a



Diary

a long time. And finally Jack went
down in the garden to Father
Barlow. Pretty soon everything
was straightened out. Paul says
it was all on account of a
miserable letter Father Barlow
wrote. Paul says he will let
me read ~~the~~ the

letter sometime
and maybe even
keep a copy of it.
Anyways, I like
Father Barlow and
here is his picture.



Jan 5, 1937

A new family moved in the
empty house next door. It's
Professor Stephen White and his
daughter Ann. She's twenty and
she is awfully nice and she
plays the piano better than
ANYBODY. And she sings too.
Professor White teaches music.

Diary

January 10, 1937

I got the mumps.
Everybody's afraid Claudia's
little girl Joan is going
to get them from me.
Everybody else except Father Barbour
has had mumps. But he says
he's been around them four
times before so he's safe.



January 17, 1937

While I have the mumps there
isn't much to tell you, Diary.
But today Paul brought me
two pictures. He said my
grandchildren would like them
so I am pasting them in.

This is Mother
Barbour at the
piano, then
Jack, Cliff,
Claudia, me,
Father Barbour,
Hazel and
Paul.



Diary



This is Cliff,
Nicky, Father
Barbour and
Jack.

January 24, 1937

Father Barbour's got the mumps. I
feel sorry ~~for~~ but everybody else
seems to think it's funny. I am still
in bed but I feel all right.

January 27, 1937

Clifford has got acquainted with
Miss Waite. Now he says - musicians
are like olives. They are swell
when you get used to them.

January 31, 1937

Mother Barbour is
having an awful time
with Father Barbour.
He won't hardly take
his medicine or anything.
He just grumbles and
groans and thinks maybe



Diary

he is going to die.

February 10, 1937

Father Barton has found out he isn't going to die. But he is just as hard to get along with as ever. Mother Barton says:

February 15, 1937

I set ANYTHING something important as going to happen between Cliff and Miss Wate. You wait and see. There is her picture.



Paul made out a list of good books to read and if they are good I think I ought to copy them down for my grandchildren. They are:

Mexican Antiquities - Joseph Henry Jackson
 Nigger of the Narcissa - Joseph Conrad
 An Ocean Thump - William Miller
 Constantinople - Pierre Loti
 The Strange Song - John Galsworthy

Diary

The Great Hunger - John Boyer
 Jargon - James Branch Cabell
 Classic Mythology - Charles Mills Gayley
 The Way of all Flesh - Samuel Butler
 The Poemists - Radcliffe Boynton
 I go A-Drinking - W. C. Caine
 Innocent Voyage - Richard Tughr
 San Francisco, A Report - Charles Dotie
 The Blue Mountains - Alexander Sumner
 Over-Cremation - C. V. Lewis
 Hunted Book Shop - Christopher Morley

Teddy Bear:

On the next page of your diary
 I am putting the letter &
 promised you, the one I had
 wrote when you first went
 to Stanford. Keep it, Billy,
 and occasionally read it.
 It will teach you what a
 fine, nice person Father
 Barker really is, and it may
 make you put a little letter
 person yourself. With love,
 Carl

Diary

My dear son:

I hope this letter will reach you on the first day of your college experience, for that day marks your step upon the threshold of your manhood. I am more proud of you than it is possible for me to convey; proud of your splendid record to date; proud of your fine humility; your clean life and especially proud that by your own accomplishments you are able to enroll in the college which has been your choice since you were seven years old.

I wish every father might have the same feeling of confidence in his son that I hold for you at this minute; the confidence that your record so far is but an indication of nobler and more honorable accomplishments to follow.

There are a number of things of which I wish to write at this time. I do not do this with any thought of admonishing you, but rather as a counselor of older and more mature judgment.

Respect and revere those fine men and women who compose the faculty. Extend to them the same splendid cooperation you have given each of your teachers in the past. Learn to distinguish between the fundamentals of their subjects and the teachers' personal opinions about them. Therefore,

Diary

accept and reject, but avoid becoming opinionated and argumentative. Above all things do not develop the attitude that college training marks the end of learning.

Be democratic. Avoid snobs - rich or poor ones - and do not be snobbish yourself. The classification of a man is not his possessions or lack of them but his character. Leadership is never possible truly to a man who has no sympathetic understanding of his fellows.

Be generous but not foolish. Remember there is an adage that the best charity is to help one to be free from the need of charity.

Do not be a prude or a prig.

Avoid excesses in all things. Enter freely into the social life that is offered you but prove your mental strength by refusing any temptation of overindulgence. As you are well aware, I leave to your own judgement whether you use tobacco or liquor. I would prefer in any event that you indulge in neither during your formative years, leaving your conduct in this respect rather to your own judgement when a man.

I hope your social life will give you contact with many of the fine men and women in the student body. Your own natural friendliness and modesty will bring you the right companionship.

Diary

Treat every woman with the utmost respect and courtesy - that is the hallmark of a gentleman. Accord to each woman the same respect you would ask for your sisters.

And remember this: many dangerous cults have sinister bases in some of our American colleges. Do not become mesmerized by their pretensions of advanced thought. Do not be swallowed by the stream or become influenced by mass or mob psychology.

When you do, you surrender your capacity for clear thinking. Stand on the sidelines and study the stream. Keep your perspective. Think for yourself. When you have arrived at a more mature manhood your conclusions regarding many things may differ from mine. If they do I shall be just as happy as if they agreed, if I am sure you have accepted them as a result of your own analysis and inquiry.

I hope you will preserve this letter and occasionally read it. It is written only after careful consideration and thought. I write it because of the great love I have for you, and out of the great hope I have in you. May all that we do - each of us - tend to strengthen the tie that binds us together.

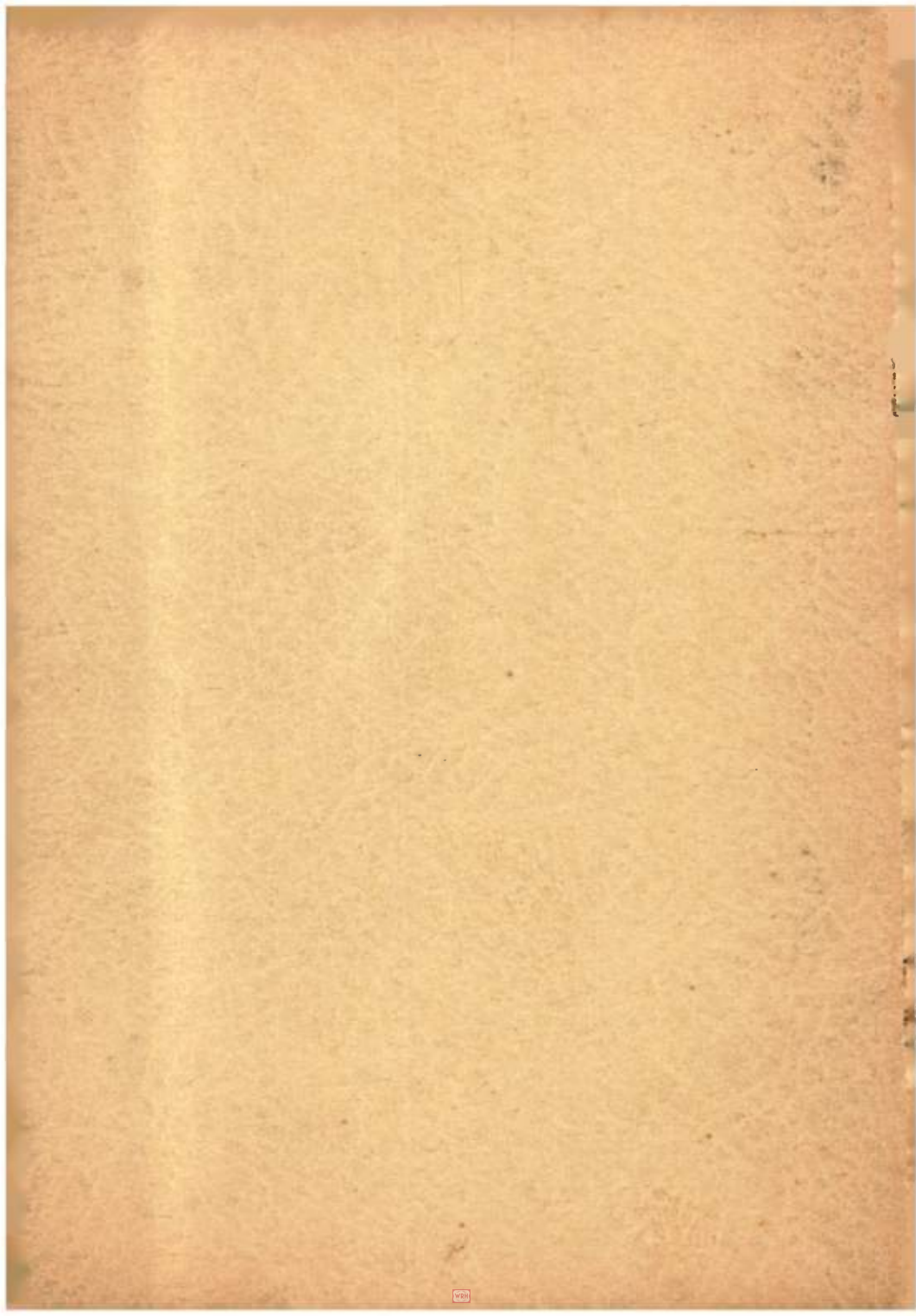
Your Father

Diary



Dear grandchildren. This Diary
is for you. Here is Paul's
picture of me the way I
am going to look when I
am your grandmother
Your friend,
Teddy.

Printed in U.S.A.



20th Anniversary Souvenir



One Man's Family

Mother Barbour's

**FAVORITE
RECIPES**



Men are the reason for ANY recipe book. Don't let anyone tell you differently. These are MY menfolk. Taken 1941.

*20th Anniversary
Souvenir*

ONE MAN'S FAMILY



Mother Barbour's
**FAVORITE
RECIPES**



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Dedication

My Dear Joan, this book is dedicated to you and the new family you are beginning; in a larger sense it is a dedication to our American Way of Life. You as a Parent, you as a Family Unit, represent what America is going to be tomorrow. To feed a man is an inspiring work, but to feed him spiritually and morally as well as physically is ALL of a woman's work. Your Grandmother,

Fanny Barbour



BRAISED SHORT RIBS WITH ONION GRAVY

Trim fat from 3 lbs. beef short ribs; heat trimmings in Dutch oven. Brown meat in hot fat. Spoon off fat. Sprinkle meat with 1 tsp. sa and dash pepper, add 1 medium onion, sliced, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Cover; simmer till tender, 2 to 2½ hours. (add water if needed). Remove meat; make Onion Gravy. Makes 6 servings.

Onion Gravy: Skim fat (reserve 2 tbsp.). Measure stock and add hot water to make 2 cups. Brown $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar in the 2 tbsp. fat. Add 4 onions, sliced; cook till tender. Push onions to one side. Add 2 tbsp. flour; brown slightly. Remove from heat. Add meat stock, 2 tbsp. vinegar. Season. Simmer 5 minutes.





Your Grandfather says I always liked this picture because I was so fond of this dress. Taken 1946.



Introduction

April, 1952 marks the Twentieth Anniversary of One Man's Family which in the realm of Radio Broadcasting is something of a record in itself. Perhaps even more impressive is the fact that of the original Family Cast we still have with us Mr. J. Anthony Smythe, who has portrayed the Character of Father Barbour with such warmth and vigor; Minetta Ellen, our beloved Mother Barbour; Michael Raffetto, the one and only Paul; Bernice Berwin, the steady young mother, Hazel, and Page Gilman who began as a boy of fourteen and now as Jack, the man, is the father of six beautiful daughters. These people I prize and love! They have made One Man's Family a great American institution by their devotion over the many years. As you all know Barton Yarborough was another member of this original family. As Clifford he was loved by all. His death just before Christmas was an irreparable loss. To all these people and the others of the cast who today help to make the show what it is, I take off my hat. I have one more word to say about One Man's Family, but first, because this after all is a book of recipes, I want to give you "One Man's Family's Twentieth Anniversary Souvenir Cake" Recipe.



Paul

ONE MAN'S FAMILY'S TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY SOUVENIR CAKE RECIPE

3 9-inch yellow or white cake layers, 1 inch thick
 1/2 cup each green lime preserves or orange marmalade

*One Man's Family's Twentieth Anniversary Souvenir
Cake Recipe, Continued*

lade, guava jelly, raspberry jam, guava preserves or fig jam, and strawberry jam

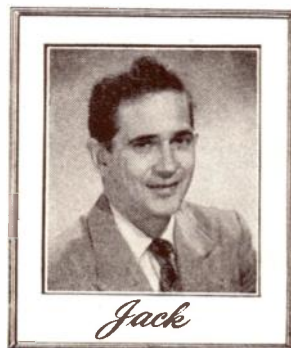
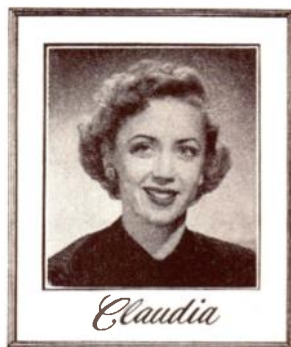
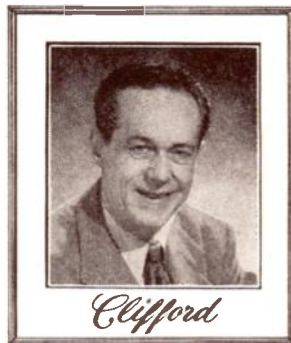
1 recipe Seven Minute Frosting or 1 cup heavy cream, whipped stiff

Bake cake, using your favorite recipe. Cool thoroughly and split each layer in half. Put the six layers together with the five fillings. Cover the cake and let stand for 48 hours to "ripen." Frost sides and top with Seven Minute Frosting and let stand several hours before serving; or, spread with whipped cream just before serving. (Makes 1 cake)

It is the biggest, richest, most fabulous cake you ever set teeth into, and I don't advise you to make it except on some spectacular occasion when you want to impress a lot of people.

And now, about One Man's Family at the end of twenty years with the American Public: The Barbours have attempted to present the virtues, and weaknesses of the average American family. You, our public, have sensed this, I believe, and that has been our strength. You realize it is the average American home, where the great moral battles are fought and good citizens are made. It is the Family which, in the end, fixes the spiritual and physical standards for the American nation. The Family is the greatest single unit; the one indispensable unit in the machinery of the nation. So it is quite understandable that, in our attempt to present the Saga of the American Family, we have come very close to the hearts of millions of you. I suspect that all of you believe with me that despite outside turmoil and strifes and pressures, the American Family must and will remain a solid foundation of good. It will somehow from generation to generation renew itself, to remain a straight, clean, untarnished, silver shaft upon a high mountain, guiding the destiny of this Nation. And so long as the American Family remains unscathed this nation cannot and will not drift very far or for very long from the basic honesty and integrity and faith taught our children within the shelter of family life.

Barthelme Morse



ONE MAN'S FAMILY
20th Anniversary Souvenir

Mother Barbour's
FAVORITE RECIPES

Dear Granddaughter, Joan: When I married your Grandfather, Henry Wilson Barbour in San Francisco in 1896 I was just eighteen years old and my Mother and Father said to me, "Fanny Martin, why in the world do you want to marry a sixteen dollar a week bank clerk when you could have either that rising young attorney, Glenn Hunter or young Doctor Fred Thompson?"

Well, I didn't want Fred Thompson because he forever smelled of anaesthetic—for an eighteen-year-old girl that was a good reason for not being in love. And every girl in San Francisco knew that Glenn Hunter might be rising in the Legal World but he also had a roving eye.

So I married your Grandfather and now looking back over fifty-six years of married life I can't help thinking how astute a girl sometimes can be in arranging her own future. Before I had definitely announced my decision however, Fred and Glenn and your Grandfather, all good friends, were invariably Wednesday and Sunday evening visitors at the Martin home. On Wednesday nights Mother often gave the boys her famous Minestrone. I didn't know why then, but I do NOW. It was comparatively inexpensive and wonderfully tasty and filling for three young men with hearty appetites.

GREAT GRANDMOTHER MARTIN'S MINESTRONE SOUP
(Makes approximately 3 quarts soup)

- 1/2 cup navy beans
- 1/2 cup peas
- 1 cup finely diced carrots
- 1/2 cup finely diced turnip
- 1 1/2 cups finely shredded cabbage
- 2 1/2 quarts water (approximately)
- 3 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon oregano
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 medium onion, sliced

Judge Hunter on the left and Dr. Thompson on the right. I still think I married the handsomest of the three.





Do you remember this picture of Hank, Margaret and Pinky with your Aunt Hazel? Goodness this was taken ten years ago.

Great Grandmother Martin's Minestrone Soup, Continued

- ¼ lb. salt pork, diced very fine
- 2 cups fresh or canned tomatoes
- ½ cup finely chopped celery
- ¼ cup minced parsley
- 1 large clove garlic, minced
- 4 oz. spaghetti

Soak beans overnight and drain. Combine beans, peas, carrots, turnip and cabbage in soup kettle. Add water, salt and oregano (water should cover vegetables). Bring to boiling point and simmer for 4 hours, adding water if necessary to keep vegetables covered. Meanwhile heat butter or margarine in frying pan. Add onion and salt pork and cook slowly until browned. Add tomatoes, celery, parsley and garlic. Add tomato mixture to vegetables and cook for remainder of the 4 hours. Add spaghetti, broken in 3-inch pieces. Bring to a boil and cook 30 minutes longer.

"A wonderful meat substitute for a large family."

In the years since our marriage your Grandfather went from bank clerk to a small building and loan business of his own on Sansome Street, and then to his own Stock and Bond Business on Montgomery Street. Out of the Bond business he built both a financial success and a prominent place in San Francisco for himself and his family. Strangely enough, neither Glenn, now Judge Glenn Hunter, nor Dr. Fred Thompson, ever married. Fred has been our Family physician from the birth of Paul and has not only brought all MY five children into the world but has officiated at the births of my thirteen grandchildren. I hope he will attend you Joan, when my first Great Grandchild arrives. Even now when Fred and Glenn come to dinner, one or the other is sure to ask whether there will be Scalloped Salmon, my Mother's Sunday Night Specialty in the old days. This is how it's done:

SCALLOPED SALMON

(5-6 servings)

- 1 tall can red salmon
- 2 cups sliced onion
- Milk (approximately 1 cup)
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup fine cracker crumbs
- (not cracker meal)

Drain salmon, saving liquid. Turn salmon into a bowl and mash thoroughly. Slice onions into saucepan, barely cover with water, and simmer until onions are soft. Drain, measure water, and discard onions. To the onion water, add salmon liquid and enough milk to make 2½ cups. Melt butter or margarine, blend in flour, and add liquid; cook until thickened, stirring constantly. (Sauce should be very thick.) Grease 1-quart casserole and pour in ⅓ of the white sauce. Cover

MARY LOU at age of six,
taken two years ago.





Janie, Jack and Betty's second daughter, at seven. She's nine now.

Scalloped Salmon, Continued

with $\frac{1}{3}$ of the cracker crumbs. Add a layer of half the salmon. Repeat, making one more layer of salmon, and two layers each of the white sauce and cracker crumbs. Bake at 375°F . (moderate oven) about 45 minutes. Top each serving with a teaspoon of butter and serve with lemon wedges.

From the very first day of our marriage it became apparent that your Grandfather was NEVER going to be any good in the kitchen. If left to himself he ate cold bread and milk and for dessert bread and butter spread thick with applesauce and covered with rich cream, providing of course, there was applesauce in the ice box. However, just before Paul was born; that was in 1897, I knew the man would starve to death if left to his own devices for the ten days or two weeks I would be in the Hospital. He was just getting started in the building and loan business and very often every cent of his sixteen dollars a week income was spent before it was earned. So your Grandfather just HAD to make out at home while I was away having Paul. So I taught him how to make what I called "Our Sunday Night Clam Chowder" and I swear that man ate Clam Chowder three times a day for sixteen days, until I was back in the kitchen. The fact that he STILL likes Clam Chowder on Sunday evenings testifies to the goodness of this recipe.

OUR SUNDAY NIGHT CLAM CHOWDER

(Makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts soup)

Elizabeth Sharon Ann, taken two years ago. Jack and Betty better get some new pictures taken.



- 1 cup finely diced onion
- 2 cups finely cubed raw potato
- 1 cup water
- 3 slices bacon, diced
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 3 cups milk
- 2 $6\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. cans minced clams
(preferably Razor clams)

Cook onions and potatoes in water until soft. Mash. Cook bacon until crisp and drain off all but two tablespoons of the bacon drippings. Add bacon and the two tablespoons of fat to mashed vegetables. Add remaining ingredients and heat to serving temperature.

It was just the turn of the century and Paul was about three years old and Hazel was on the way. Your Grandfather had just got a precarious toehold in Stocks and Bonds on Montgomery Street, when Paul began to show signs of a touchy stomach. I'm sure now it was nothing important because he outgrew it in a year or so,



Your grandfather's and my
Thirtieth Wedding Anniversary.

but added to his upsets, and the fact Hazel was making ME a little squeamish sometimes, what should happen but your Grandfather developed nervous indigestion because of business ups and downs. Well, out of our combined stomach 'delicacy' I hit upon a dish that suited everyone. And I might add in the past fifty years since then, we've never waited for a 'weak stomach' to come along to revive the dish. It's good anytime for any kind of stomach. It's called Cream Chicken Soup Souffle and let me recommend it.

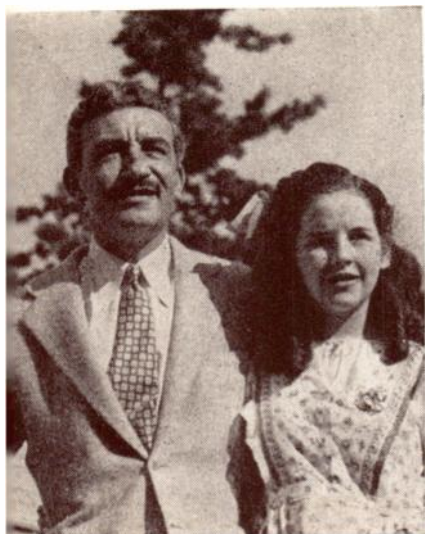
CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP SOUFFLE (4-5 servings)

- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 3 eggs, separated

Blend flour to smooth paste with a small amount of the undiluted soup in saucepan. Stir in remaining soup and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Beat egg yolks and slowly stir in the hot soup mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into hot mixture. Turn into greased 1½-quart casserole and bake at 350°F. (moderate oven) for 1 hour or until golden brown. Serve immediately.

We were living in a tiny house on Ellis Street near Leavenworth when Paul was born. Our fortune began to improve as the Montgomery Street business began to grow, so your Grandfather moved us out into the new Filmore district. Now we had a kitchen, dining





My goodness we miss Paul over there in Japan. This picture with you, Joan, was taken back in 1947.

room, parlor and TWO BEDROOMS. But we were still watching the Grocery bill and that meant a minimum of meat. Right now I'd like to tell a lot of Modern Cooks, if they really want to excel in the kitchen, this is a good time to do it with meat prices out of sight. A woman who can put a tasty meal on the table, a meal that satisfies every appetite WITHOUT the aid of meat, is a REAL cook. I learned some wonderful vegetable recipes during that period and I think this is the place for three or four of them. First, two tomato recipes:

DEVILED TOMATOES

(4-5 servings)

- 3 large ripe but firm tomatoes
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- Dash of red pepper
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 1 hard-cooked egg yolk, mashed fine

Wash tomatoes, slice $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and dip in flour. Fry until golden brown in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the butter or margarine. Meanwhile, melt remaining butter or margarine in top of double boiler. Beat egg well with rest of ingredients and add to melted butter or margarine. Cook over boiling water until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat immediately and serve over fried tomato slices.

This second Tomato recipe is tasty and zestful and was a favorite in the very early San Francisco restaurants. The first generation after the gold rush was in its prime and was spending their pioneer fathers' hard-earned gold with a devil-may-care gesture.

TOMATOES A L'ECHALOTE

(4-5 servings)

- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
(preferably red wine vinegar)
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt
- 3 shallots, minced
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped parsley
- 6 large ripe tomatoes

Combine oil, vinegar and salt. Beat well or shake in a covered jar until well blended. Stir in shallots and parsley. Peel and slice tomatoes and arrange in layers in a large shallow bowl, with dressing between layers and over top of tomatoes. Chill well before serving.

This following Braised Leek recipe I got from an old



Italian woman while we were still living on Ellis Street. Even then San Francisco's 'Little Italy' was developing, except at that time the Italian immigrants were all over the city, and had not yet concentrated at the foot of Telegraph Hill. Some forty years later this was to become the favorite vegetable dish of Daniel Murray, destined to marry your Aunt Hazel.

BRAISED LEEKS

(4-6 servings)

- 1 medium-sized onion, finely minced
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 12 leeks
- 2 bouillon cubes
- 2 cups boiling water
- Dash of pepper
- 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley

Saute onion in butter or margarine. Clean the leeks and remove roots and wilted green leaves. Place in frying pan with onion. Dissolve bouillon cubes in boiling water and pour over leeks. Add pepper and parsley. Simmer uncovered about 40 minutes or until stock is evaporated and leeks tender. Serve hot as a vegetable or cold as a salad.

The last of the 1900 and 1901 vegetable recipes I'm going to give is Eggplant Benedict. Actually Eggplant was a vegetable luxury in San Francisco. The only place we could get it was across the bay in Marin County. There on the edge of Sausalito, an old Chinese gardener had eggplants, mushrooms, artichokes and other exotic foodstuffs which he was furnishing to the Gourmet restaurants in San Francisco such as the Old Palace Hotel, the Fly Trap, The Hauf Brau and Coppas. Anyway, here's Eggplant Benedict.

EGGPLANT BENEDICT

(4-6 servings, depending on size of eggplant)

- 1 medium-sized eggplant
- ½ cup flour
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 lb. ham, sliced ¼-inch thick
- 4 to 6 poached eggs
- ½ cup Hollandaise Sauce, or
- 1 cup Italian tomato sauce

Cut eggplant into slices about ½ inch thick. Remove peel. Dip in flour and fry in butter or margarine until well browned. Arrange on serving plates. Meanwhile, cut sliced ham into pieces the size of the eggplant slices. Fry or broil until tender. Place a slice of ham on each slice of eggplant. Top each serving with a hot poached egg. Cover with Hollandaise or tomato sauce.

"Unusual enough to impress Dinner guests."



I've always treasured this picture of Claudia and you, Jean, and your sister Penelope. Taken in 1946.



"Learn to make your own Hollandaise now, Joan! You will be glad you learned the trick many times."

The Day Jack came home from the Pacific in 1946. What a day for celebration THAT was. Betty has Elizabeth Sharon Ann and Jack has Janie. I think I was taking care of Mary Lou that day.



HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

for Eggplant Benedict

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- Dash of cayenne pepper
- 1/3 cup boiling water
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Melt butter or margarine over hot water. Remove from hot water and stir in egg yolks, one at a time, until thoroughly blended. Add salt and cayenne and gradually, while stirring, the boiling water. Place again over hot (not boiling) water and stir constantly until thickened. Remove immediately from heat and stir in lemon juice.

Well, from 1900 to 1912 I was a busy, happy housewife thinking that Paul and Hazel were the entire Barbour progeny. Your Grandfather was engrossed in pursuing his Stock and Bond business to the top, and it was about this time that we moved from the Filmore district out beyond Golden Gate Park to a new development that still didn't have a name, but later became St. Francis Woods. We now had a Rambler automobile and whether your Grandfather got home at six o'clock in the evening or midnight depended on whether the cranky old thing would run. Then one day in mid 1911 I went to see Doctor Thompson and he said it looked suspiciously like we were to be parents again. That's when your Grandfather started calling Fred 'an old Pill peddler' and he's never stopped to this day. However, Fred was RIGHT. But before I get to the 'new additions' to the family, let me give you several exceptional recipes I had added to my list. Two of them were desserts, although I must say that neither Paul nor Hazel, in their grammar school days, ever found it necessary to wait until dessert to eat my lemon tarts. This recipe, I think, is one of the high marks in my career as a family cook.

LEMON BUTTER TARTS

(Makes 32 tarts)

Pastry:

- 1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/4 teaspoon baking powder

Lemon Butter Tarts, Continued

- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ⅓ cup shortening
- 5 tablespoons ice water

Lemon Butter:

- 1½ tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- ⅓ cup lemon juice
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- 3 eggs, well beaten

Pastry: Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening; gradually add ice water. Blend until dough just holds together; then form into a ball. Divide in two parts and roll out ⅛ inch thick. Cut with 2½-inch cookie cutter and place on ungreased baking sheet. Bake at 450°F. (hot oven) for 12 to 15 minutes. Cool and spread about 1 teaspoon Lemon Butter on each. Lemon Butter: Cut butter or margarine into sugar with a pastry blender or fork. Add lemon juice, rind and eggs. Cook over boiling water until thick, stirring constantly. Cool and place in refrigerator until thoroughly chilled before spreading on pastry rounds.

"Mary Lou calls these tarts 'little suns in crusts.'"

My other dessert was a variety of Ribbon Cake with a Raisin filling and a Lemon Icing. I won first prize at the County Fair my very first try, and won blue ribbons three times at the State Fair in Sacramento. They called it a State Fair but compared to the huge yearly State Fair of today I'm afraid it was actually a small-town carnival. Everyone liked Ribbon Cake, the family liked it, the Ladies Aid of the Filmore Presbyterian Church included it in ALL their Church suppers, and on the strength of a SECOND large wedge of it, Judge Hunter stated in public that should I ever tire of your Grandfather, he would not only marry me but take over all the fatherly duties toward my children. That's one of the few times I've seen your Grandfather jealous. He was grumpy all the rest of the evening and that night after we were in bed and the lights were out he held me in his arms for over an hour telling me what a poor husband he was but how much he loved me . . . so you can see for yourself why I prize this recipe.

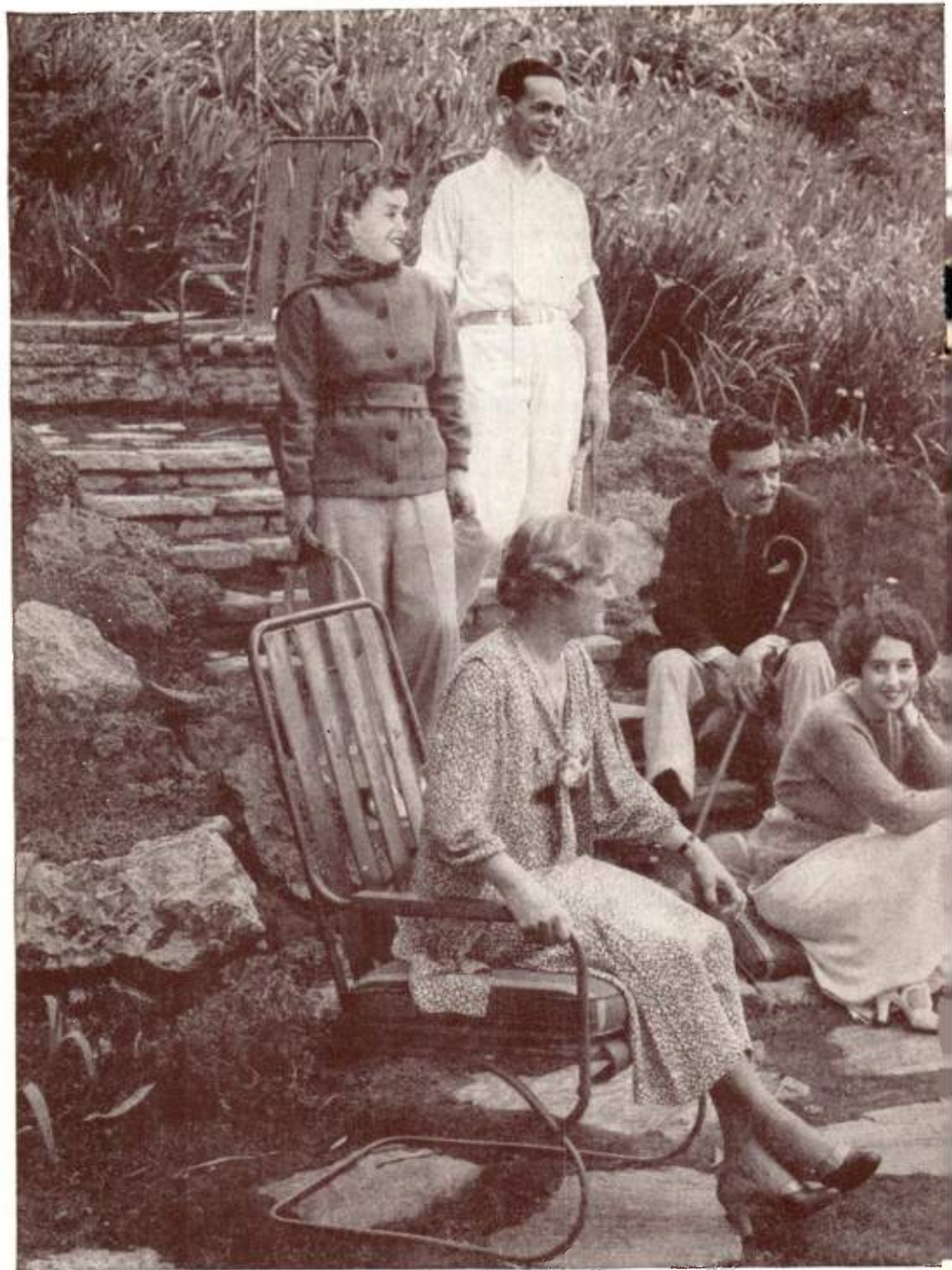
"MIX-EASY" RIBBON CAKE

(Makes 1 cake)

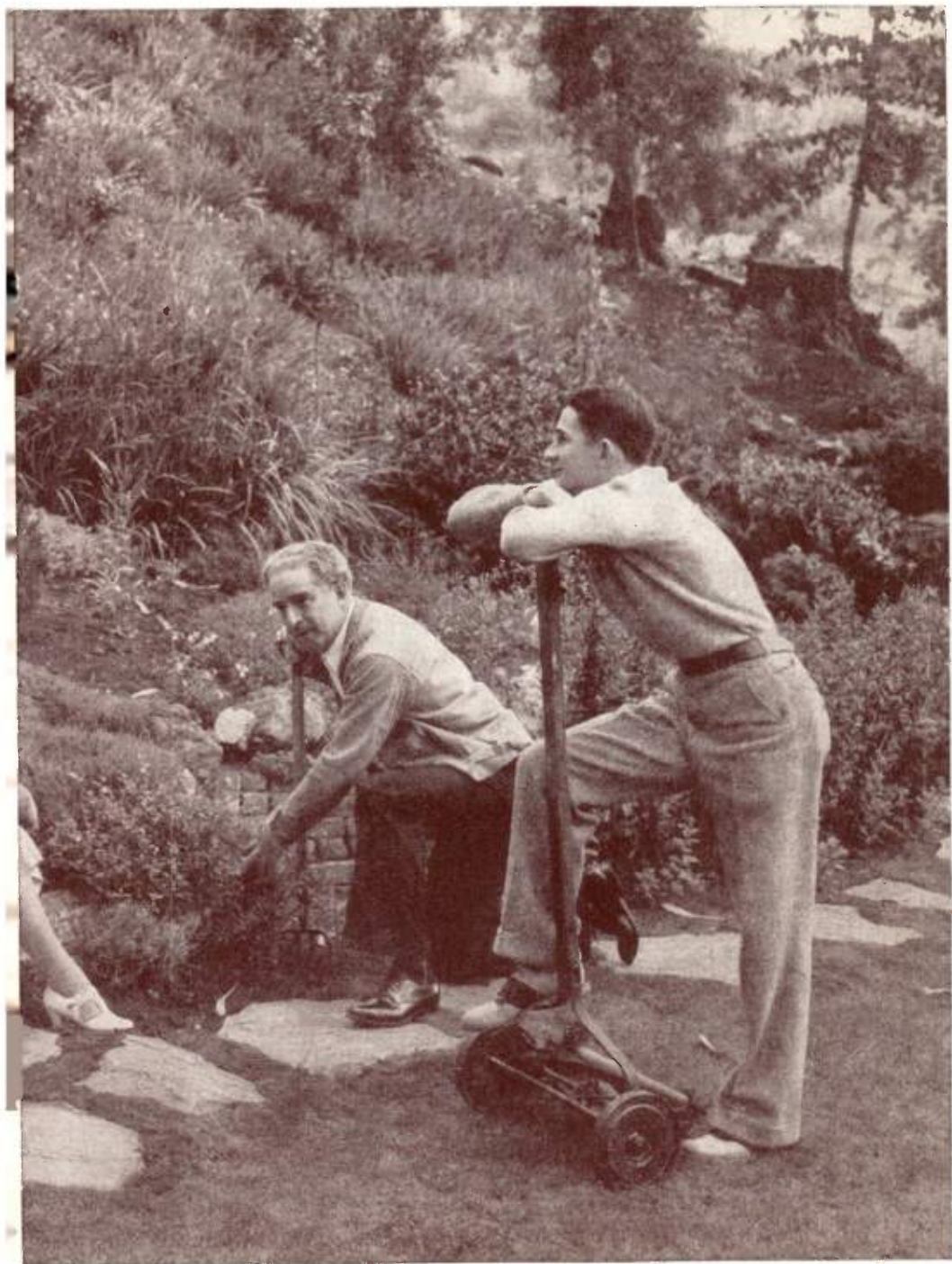
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 1 ¼ cups sugar
- ½ cup shortening (emulsifier type)
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 ½ tablespoons molasses
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon

Clifford with his and Ann's son, Andy, taken in 1939 when Andy was just nine months old.





My goodness, this was taken way back in 1932 when the Barbour family was only your Grandfather and me and our five sons and daughters.



And now twenty years later here you are, Joan, about to present us with a Great grandchild.



And Teddy, now an Army nurse in Japan! This was when she was fifteen. Seven years after Paul adopted her.

"Mix-Easy" Ribbon Cake, Continued

- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cloves
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- Raisin Filling:*
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar
- Dash salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins, chopped fine
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 1 teaspoon butter

Have ingredients at room temperature. Grease two 8-inch layer pans and line with waxed paper. Sift flour with baking powder, salt and sugar. Add shortening. Add vanilla, eggs and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk. Mix until flour is dampened, then beat by hand (150 strokes per minute) or on medium speed of electric mixer for 1 minute. Scrape bowl and beater frequently. Add remaining liquid, blend, and beat 2 minutes longer. Pour half of batter into one layer pan. To remaining batter add molasses and spices, mixing just enough to blend; turn into second pan. Bake at 375°F. (moderate oven) for 25 minutes. Cool. Then spread raisin filling between layers and lemon icing on top of cake. Filling: Combine cornstarch, sugar, salt, raisins, lemon juice and rind, and water; mix well. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick and clear. Stir in butter. Cool before filling cake.

LEMON ICING

- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine
- 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar

Margaret and her grandfather in the garden. Taken 1944.



Lemon Icing, Continued

Dash salt

2 teaspoons lemon juice

1 teaspoon water

Cream lemon rind with butter or margarine. Add remaining ingredients and beat until smooth and of spreading consistency.

We've always been fond of fish at the Barbours. Not just fish for fish sake, but because it lends itself so well to sauces and seasonings of mildness and delicacy. Also fish and the substances which go with fish are excellent for young stomachs. So I added a Halibut in White Sauce to our menu in that twelve-year period. In fact, I think this recipe came into my hands within a few weeks after I learned that we were going to add ANOTHER member to the family. I had given Hazel's baby clothes, baby buggy, etc. away long ago and was making a layette for our new addition while visiting a family friend, Mrs. Eva Pattison, who was making a layette for her own baby. When she started to prepare her evening meal and it smelled so wonderful I mentioned it, and that's where this recipe came from.

HALIBUT IN ONION WHITE SAUCE

(5-6 servings)

1 ½ lbs. halibut (in one piece)

1 teaspoon salt

⅛ teaspoon pepper

2 cups hot water (approximately)

1 ½ cups finely diced onion

1 cup water

1 cup milk

¼ cup butter or margarine

¼ cup flour

½ teaspoon salt

Dash of pepper

4 or 5 boiled potatoes

2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Place halibut in well-greased baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour hot water about ½ inch deep around fish. Place in oven and bake, uncovered, at 350°F. (moderate oven) about 45 minutes or until fish is tender. Meanwhile, cook onions in water until tender. Add milk. Melt butter or margarine. Stir in flour, salt and pepper. Add onion and milk mixture gradually and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Keep hot over hot water. To serve, place fish on platter surrounded with hot boiled potatoes. Pour hot onion white sauce over all. Sprinkle with parsley.

Still a fourth dish of this period came from the family's great liking for unusual vegetable dishes. Actually, your Uncle Paul, then eleven years old, ferreted it out. He had had dinner with a school friend and came home



This picture of your Uncle Dan Murray was taken by Hazel just before he began traveling about the country on his furniture business trips.

"A real gourmet fish dish."



talking about 'Glorified Beans.' "Mama, why don't YOU ever make Glorified Beans?" "Hey Mom, how about some Glorified Beans tonight?" And on and on, until I finally went over to the home of the boy whose Mother made 'Glorified Beans' and asked her, "For Heavens Sake—give me the recipe." She was very kind and did so and I must say Paul's insistence was justified.

GLORIFIED BEANS

(8-10 servings)

- 3 medium onions, sliced very thin
- 1 clove garlic, cut fine
- 3 tablespoons salad oil
- 1 1-lb. 14-oz., or 2 1-lb. cans pork and beans (without tomato)
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tablespoon chili powder
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt

10 cooked prunes, cut small

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sliced sharp American cheese

Fry onions and garlic in oil until light golden brown, stirring frequently. Combine remaining ingredients, except cheese, and add the fried onions and garlic. Turn into a 2-quart casserole. Lay slices of cheese on top of beans. Cover casserole. Bake at 350°F. (moderate oven) for 1 hour.

In 1912 there were no special tests for multiple births so you can imagine my surprise when along came your Mother, Claudia, and thirteen minutes later Clifford arrived. Your Grandfather and I were as unprepared as two little babes lost in the woods. In the first place, we'd got out of the habit of infants in the household, what with your Uncle Paul now twelve and your Aunt Hazel nine, but the twins turned out to be as much fun as they were work and from that time forth both your Grandfather and I decided that so long as we should live there should always be small children in our house. That's why Grandchildren are so important to us and why your Grandfather is so delighted over the prospect of the Great Grandchild you are bringing us. And speaking of 'delight,' here is a dessert to delight the palate of "any and all"! I call it "No Peekie" because once the recipe has been concocted and put on the fire to cook, you must NOT peek until the dessert is DONE.

"NO PEEKIE"

(5-6 servings)

- 4 egg whites
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt

Pinky and you, Joan, at the age of three, with Teddy on Christmas eve of 1936.

"This is what I call an 'exquisite dessert.' Melts in your mouth."

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange marmalade or any jam desired

Beat egg whites with salt until stiff. Add sugar gradually and beat until very stiff. Beat in marmalade. Turn mixture into a well-buttered double boiler. Butter inside of cover also. Cover tightly. Cook over boiling water for 45 minutes without lifting lid. Serve with custard sauce, made with the egg yolks.

Well my dear, now that there were FOUR young mouths to feed, foods such as cookies and ice cream became more and more in demand. Clifford was MAD about vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce and the passion never left him. For years I was not able to make a chocolate Sauce which did not gum-up and get hard when poured over the ice cream. Then one day Mr. Ferguson down at the grocery store told me his wife's recipe. It's simple but it WORKS; a smooth delicious sauce that never hardens. And it will keep for several months in the refrigerator. This is it.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

(Makes $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sauce)

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioners' sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

2 teaspoons vanilla

Sift together sugar, cocoa and salt. Gradually add water and milk, mixing until smooth. Cook over boiling water for 25 minutes, stirring frequently until thickened. Cool and add vanilla. Sauce will keep several months in covered container in refrigerator.

It was shortly after the twins were born that your Grandfather decided he'd finally found the one and only spot in San Francisco to raise his ever increasing family . . . SEACLIFF! Well, there was an awful lot of discussion, because in those days Seacliff was still an undeveloped barren landscape and transportation was practically nil. But it WAS beautiful! Sunday after Sunday we used to drive out and stand on the cliffs looking over the Golden Gate and out onto the Pacific. Finally we selected three lots and built a house. It's the same home we live in today. I remember the summer the house was being constructed so well, because our daily visits to the NEW place interfered considerably with my usual kitchen schedules. As a result the family ate more salads for lunch and dinner than anytime before or since. And I developed three or four choice ones. For example:



A good cook makes a happy husband and you are well started on the road to a long happy life with Ross. Feed him good; Listen to him; don't nag and see that he gets plenty of sleep. Then he's yours for always.

"Don't overlook this one or Ross will never forgive you."

PINEAPPLE SALAD

(4-5 servings)

1 cup bite-sized chunks of pineapple
1 3-oz. package cream cheese

Use either well-drained chunk-style pineapple or sliced pineapple cut into bite-size pieces. Let cream cheese stand at room temperature until soft. Add to pineapple and stir until cheese and pineapple are thoroughly blended. Chill and serve on salad greens without any kind of salad dressing.

Then there was the Celery Root Salad, which you know is still one of your Uncle Paul and Aunt Hazel's favorites:

CELERY ROOT SALAD

(5-6 servings)

1 celery root
½ cup diced beets
½ cup thinly sliced green onions
¼ cup sharp French dressing (approximately)

Scrub and peel celery root; cut in ½-inch cubes. Cook in a small amount of boiling water until tender, about ½ hour. Cool. Add beets and onions and chill. At serving time, add French dressing and toss lightly. Serve on bed of lettuce or chicory.

Your Great Grandmother Barbour contributed this Wilted Lettuce salad. She gave it to me shortly after your Grandfather and I were married but I'd just laid it aside until we got into this salad-making routine.

OLD-FASHIONED WILTED LETTUCE SALAD

(5-6 servings)

4 slices bacon
½ cup vinegar
2 teaspoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 pound leaf lettuce

Cut bacon in small pieces, and fry until crisp. Add vinegar, sugar and salt; bring to boil and pour over lettuce, which has been washed, thoroughly dried, and broken into bite-size pieces. Toss to distribute dressing and bacon all through the salad.

As you know it was in the Seacliff house that your Uncle Jack was born in 1917, five years after Clifford and Claudia came along. We had decided that a family of four children was a nice round number and had settled down to enjoy them when out of NOWHERE came this NEW baby, knocking at our door. Your Aunt Hazel was just turning seventeen and was highly indignant. I can STILL hear her say, "Mother, what are the girls going to THINK! The Mother of a seventeen year old girl having a BABY!" On the other hand,



Joan, I wonder if you ever realized what a fine foster father Nicholas Lacey made you. This is the only picture I have of him with your mother and sister.

Paul was all in favor of it. He was in his Junior year at the University and even in those days had that wonderful quality of sensing other people's feelings. I don't know why I got onto the subject of Jack's advent into the world. I intended to give you a recipe for Date Souffle which was the first dessert I tried out on my new kitchen range in the new Seacliff home. It was a success.

DATE SOUFFLÉ (8 servings)

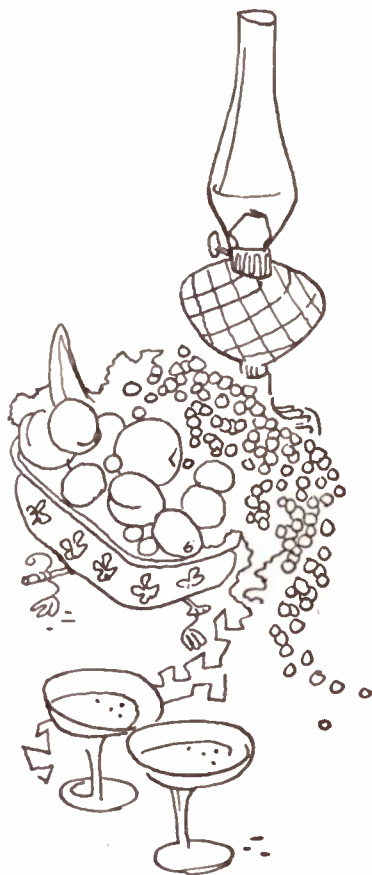
- 4 egg whites
- 1 cup sugar
- ¼ cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 7¼-oz. package pitted dates
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Sift sugar, flour, baking powder and salt together and beat into egg whites. Add vanilla. Cut dates in small pieces. Combine with nuts and fold into egg mixture. Turn into a greased 8-inch square pan. Bake at 300°F. (slow oven) about 50 minutes. Cut in squares and serve warm, topped with sweetened and flavored whipped cream or chilled soft custard.

As I mentioned before, there always was a demand for cookies and cakes and pies—a demand that was stepped-up considerably when Jack got old enough to eat them. I really don't need to mention that when your Uncle Jack finally ARRIVED he fitted into the family like the little finger on your hand; he just BELONGED. Everyone loved him and it's surprising to me that he wasn't completely spoiled. My GOODNESS how he loved my Sour Cream Cookies when he grew a little older.

SOUR CREAM COOKIES (Makes about 5 dozen)

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
 - ½ teaspoon nutmeg
 - ¼ teaspoon baking soda
 - 2 teaspoons baking powder
 - ½ cup butter or margarine
 - 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
 - 1 egg
 - 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
 - 1 cup chopped nuts
 - ½ cup sour cream or 1 tablespoon vinegar and sweet cream to make ½ cup
- Sift first four ingredients together. Cream butter or margarine with brown sugar. Add egg and beat until



"Sour Cream recipes are my special hobby. I tried to be discreet in this list."

Sour Cream Cookies, Continued

fluffy. Stir in orange rind and nuts. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with sour cream. Drop by teaspoonfuls 1 inch apart on greased baking sheet. Bake at 400°F. (hot oven) 12 to 15 minutes.



"From Della Latimer in Cleveland. A life long friend."

Those Sour Cream cookies and Butterscotch squares, which I'll tell you about in a minute were some of the goodies I always sent to Jack later in 1943-44-45 when he was called into the Armed Services and sent to the Pacific. I also sent them in our boxes to Paul in the first world war when he was flying in France. That was in 1917-18. Actually, now that I think about it, Paul left the University to enlist in the AEF the same year that Jack was born. I'd forgotten that until just this moment. Anyway here are the Butterscotch Squares.

BUTTERSCOTCH SQUARES

(Makes 16 2-inch squares)

- ¾ cup sifted cake flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 egg
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- ¾ cup chopped walnuts

Sift flour and baking powder together. Combine butter or margarine and brown sugar in a large saucepan. Heat slowly until sugar is melted. Set aside to cool. When thoroughly cooled, add the egg and vanilla and stir until creamy. Gradually stir in flour mixture. Stir in nuts. Turn into well-greased 8-inch square pan. Bake at 350°F. (moderate oven) about 25 minutes or until nicely browned. Cool in pan. Cut in squares to serve.

You always liked my light cheerful kitchen and even when it was new it was a gathering place for everyone, especially on holidays and week-ends, just as now. I could never make a pie or cake without **SOMEBODY** being in on the act. One of the things I have always enjoyed making and which all children like to watch their mothers make is Prune Ring. This looks like a rather complicated recipe but it really is simple. First there's the basic bread dough which is almost fool proof. My dear Joan, let me warn you, **ALWAYS** follow directions **EXPLICITLY**. That's the key to any good cooking. Being haphazard is wasteful and disastrous. After you've got your dough, the Prune Ring is simple.

FRUIT BREAD

(Makes 1 ring)

Basic Refrigerator Dough:

- ½ cup milk

Fruit Bread, Continued

- ¼ cup shortening
 - ¼ cup sugar
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1 cake compressed yeast or 1 package dry granular yeast
 - ¼ cup lukewarm water
 - 2 eggs, well beaten
 - 3½ cups sifted cake flour
- Scald milk and add shortening, sugar and salt. Cool to lukewarm in mixing bowl. Soften yeast in lukewarm water and add to milk mixture. Stir in eggs. Gradually add flour and mix thoroughly. Turn into a lightly-greased bowl, cover, and let rise in a warm place (80°-90°F.) until double in bulk. Stir dough down, turn over in bowl, grease top lightly and cover with a slightly dampened towel and waxed paper and chill in refrigerator until needed. Dough must be thoroughly chilled in order to handle.

Prune Ring:

- 1 recipe basic refrigerator dough
 - 1 cup cooked, sweetened, chopped prunes
- Roll chilled dough into a rectangle about 12x16 inches. Spread with chopped prunes. Roll long way of dough as for a jelly roll. Place in a deep, greased 9-inch ring mold. Pinch ends together to form a ring. Slash top of ring with deep crosswise gashes every 2 inches. Cover with a towel and let rise until double in bulk. Bake at 400°F. (hot oven) for 25 to 30 minutes.

"Not as complicated as it looks and well worth the effort."

You know the story, Joan, of how Paul was shot down in France and for many years thereafter walked with a cane. His poor leg still shows deep, ugly scars. But that wasn't the only hurt Paul got in the war; he found a young American Army nurse working in a hospital near his flying base in France and they fell in love. Her name was Elaine Hunter. They were secretly married in France and it was only two weeks after that that Paul was shot down. During that same week meningitis plague swept the hospital and poor Elaine, worked to exhaustion, came down with it and died. That was the REAL scar Paul brought home with him. He was so thin when he came home, poor boy, it was a pleasure to feed him up. You can do the same with Ross. He needs feeding up badly. Try one of the following recipes on him and see what happens:

VIRGINIA CHICKEN PUDDING

(6 servings)

- ⅓ cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 3-lb. frying chicken, cut in individual serving pieces
- 3 tablespoons fat
- 1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt





Paul and Teddy and the Judge on the day of the adoption in 1933.

Virginia Chicken Pudding, Continued

- 4 eggs, well beaten
- 1 ½ cups milk
- 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
- Black pepper

Mix ½ cup of flour, 1 teaspoon of salt and the pepper together. Roll the chicken in the flour until thoroughly coated. Brown chicken in the fat in a heavy frying pan. Meanwhile, sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Beat eggs, milk and butter or margarine together. Add to dry ingredients and beat with the egg beater until smooth. Turn batter into a well-greased 4-quart casserole. When chicken is browned place it in the batter so that batter partially covers chicken. Sprinkle lightly with pepper. Bake at 375°F. (moderate oven) 1 hour. Serve with giblet gravy.

Or try this one some day when you've saved up a few extra pennies. I know steak is expensive but if you watch some of your other meals carefully for a few days you can work it in once in awhile. And this will make a man fall in love all over again.

STEAK A LA BEEKMAN

(4 servings)

- 1 lb. round steak, 1 ½ inches thick
- 2 tablespoons hot fat
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 large onion, sliced thin
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 4 green pepper rings
- 1 large tomato, sliced ¼ inch thick
- 1 cup sliced mushrooms (optional)
- 1 can Spanish style tomato sauce
- 6 lemon slices, ⅛ inch thick
- 12 whole cloves
- 3 slices bacon, cut in half
- 12 peppercorns

"Named after Clausia Beekman, good friend and cook supreme!"

Steak A La Beekman, Continued

Brown steak in both sides in hot fat. Place in a greased baking dish and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover with sliced onion. Dot with butter or margarine. Lay pepper rings on top; then cover with sliced tomato and mushrooms. Pour tomato sauce over all. Stud the lemon slices with whole cloves and arrange alternately with bacon over top of meat. Scatter the peppercorns over all. Bake at 350°F. (moderate oven) 1 to 1½ hours, or until vegetables and meat are tender.

Or if your meat budget is low, this Meat Loaf will do the trick. It looks expensive for one meal, perhaps, but will do for at least two and maybe three meals. This is what your Aunt Hazel used to give Bill Herbert down on the dairy ranch when they were first married and were trying to make farming pay the bills. That was in the days before all the help from Washington to the farmers and it was really hard going. You remember, Hazel and William were married at the end of 1932. My goodness, I forgot to mention your OWN Mother and Father's marriage earlier the same year. It's hard for me to think of them as YOUR Parents, Joan darling, they were such children themselves. I AM sorry your father never lived for you to know him because he was the most maddeningly handsome, the most devil-may-care, the most aristocratic looking young man I ever knew. You get your own good looks as much from him as from Claudia. I'm sure if he were living today, he would be as happy about you as we all are—the way you've settled down to be a good wife, looking forward to motherhood so calmly and graciously. But what in the world; I was going to give you a recipe for MEAT LOAF. Well here it is:

SAGE MEAT LOAF
(6 servings)

- 4 slices dry bread or 2 French hard rolls
- 2 cups water
- ½ cup diced onion
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ¾ lb. ground beef
- ¾ lb. ground veal
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¾ teaspoon powdered sage
- 1 8-oz. can Spanish style tomato sauce

Break bread or rolls into pieces and soak in water for ½ hour. Lift bread from water and press out as much water as possible with the hands. Meanwhile, brown the onion in the butter or margarine. Add bread and onion to the meat. Add seasonings and tomato sauce and mix thoroughly. Turn into a shallow baking pan and shape into a loaf. Bake at 350°F. (moderate oven) about 1 hour.

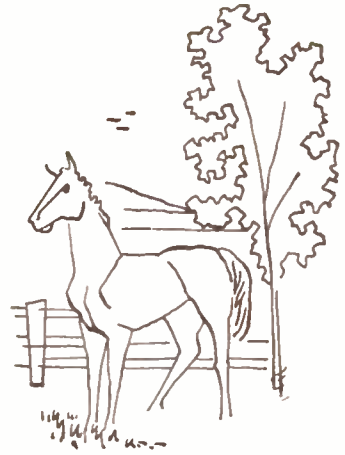


Your cousin Pinky, in 1945, was determined to own a Boxer Puppy. Your Aunt Hazel was just as determined he shouldn't. Hazel won.

"Pinky said they used to eat this at their house until it 'Run out of their ears.'"



Remember when this was taken in 1939 down at the Sky Ranch. Miss Joan right out there in front, your Aunt Hazel on my Left and Teddy and your Aunt Betty on my right.



Speaking of your father, Johnny Roberts, there was ONE way I could always calm him down at the dinner table and that was to put before him my Chicken and Ham with Noodles dish. Try it on Ross sometime when he is a little bit out of hand . . . Give him a "Sloppy-Hoppy" salad with it and then a piece of Sour Cream Pie and if in the end he doesn't get down on his knees to you, it'll be because you didn't follow my recipes EXACTLY. Here are the three recipes. First the Chicken and Ham with Noodles:

CHICKEN AND HAM WITH NOODLES

(6-8 servings)

- 1 7-oz. package broad noodles
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
- 3 cups chicken stock or canned chicken bouillon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
- 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced cooked chicken
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced cooked ham
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft bread crumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated American cheese

Cook the noodles in boiling salted water according to directions on the package. Drain when tender. Melt butter or margarine in a large saucepan and blend in flour. Gradually add chicken stock, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Add salt, pepper, mushrooms, green pepper and pimiento. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes.

"Your father ate this dish at the last meal he ever ate in my home."

Chicken and Ham with Noodles, Continued

Add chicken, ham and noodles. Pour into a buttered 8x12x1½-inch baking dish. Combine bread crumbs and cheese and sprinkle over the top. Bake at 350°F. (moderate oven) about 30 minutes or until crumbs are brown and cheese bubbles.

The "Sloppy-Hoppy" Salad is a family joke that began when Mrs. Kettleman came to work for us. Her thick Dutch accent, despite the fact she's been in this country for thirty years, colors everything. One day I said, "I think we'll have a Combination Vegetable salad tonight." She wanted to know how I made it and I said, "Oh, actually in a rather Slap-Happy fashion." "Oh," she said, "A Sloppy-Hoppy Salad!" And that's what it's been ever since to the family. But don't let the name fool you. It is fresh and crisp with a fragrance of the garden.

SLOPPY-HOPPY SALAD

(6-8 servings)

2 cups finely chopped lettuce
6 green onions, finely chopped
1 medium green pepper, finely chopped
½ cup finely chopped celery
½ cup finely chopped radishes
½ cup finely chopped cucumber
1 small tomato, finely chopped
⅓ cup tart mayonnaise
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon black pepper
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
Combine vegetables and chill at least one hour. Add mayonnaise and seasonings just before serving.

And now for the Sour Cream Pie. This is the pie with which Jack wooed Betty Carter all through high school. I had to make a Sour Cream Pie once a week and Jack lugged it over to Betty's house. Not that Betty was such a pie eater, but her father was. He made a deal with Jack that he would not interfere with Jack's interest in Betty so long as he got one of my pies each week. This went on until Jack and Betty went down to Stanford to college.

SOUR CREAM PIE

(Makes 1 8-inch pie)

3 egg yolks
¾ cup sugar
1 cup thick sour cream
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup seedless raisins



Miss Joan Roberts and Master Pinky Herbert dressed for St. Patrick's Day in 1936. You were a sweet little girl Joan.

"What did I tell you about sour cream!"



Sour Cream Pie, Continued

- 1 baked 8-inch pie shell
- 2 egg whites
- 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar

Beat egg yolks, sugar, sour cream, cinnamon and salt together. Stir in raisins. Cook in a double boiler until thick (about 20 minutes), stirring constantly. Pour into pie shell. Cool. About an hour before serving, beat egg whites stiff but not dry. Add confectioners' sugar gradually and continue beating until meringue is stiff enough to stand in peaks. Spread on cool pie. Place under broiler, about 4 inches below heat, and brown. Cool thoroughly before serving.

This Mousseline Sauce, your Aunt Hazel got in the hospital from the woman in the same room with her when Hank and Pinky were born. You know there was an awful hassel over the 'twins' names when Clifford took one look at them and named the red-headed one Pinky, and the other one Hank! Hazel cried and Bill went back to the Dairy Ranch mad at everybody. Of course their right names are Henry Barbour Herbert and William Martin Herbert, but in spite of everything, Hank and Pinky stuck. Now Hazel uses the nicknames the same as everyone else. But about that Mousseline Sauce:

MOUSSELINE SAUCE

(Makes approximately ½ cup)

- 1 egg yolk
- ⅓ cup heavy cream
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons butter

Beat egg yolk in top of small double boiler. Add cream and mix thoroughly. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens like a thin custard, about 7 minutes. Remove from heat and mix in lemon juice and butter, ⅓ of each at a time. Keep warm over hot water (not boiling) until ready to serve. Sauce resembles Hollandaise. Excellent with summer squashes, asparagus and broccoli.

"Something like Hollandaise. Won't curdle when warmed over."

Didn't your mother, Claudia, look lovely at the wedding. To think of her as the 'Mother of the Bride' and now a prospective GRANDMOTHER, I just can't believe it.



Well, my dear, by the time you came along in 1933 your father had died in the Orient and Claudia had come home to us. But strangely enough, you were not born at the Barbour house. Claudia was down the peninsula visiting Johnny's mother and father when the Stork arrived. I remember so well; it was a bitterly stormy night and Dr. Thompson had one awful time getting down to Claudia. That same night just after you came into the world, your Grandmother Roberts had another of her heart attacks and died less than five minutes after you were placed in her arms. And that's where your great wealth came from. I never DID know ex-

20th Anniversary Souvenir



This picture is so meaningful as it was taken just one week before Clifford's Wife, Irene, was killed in the automobile accident. You hardly knew her. Clifford has one arm about her and the other about you, Joan. Taken in 1946.

actly how much she left you but it was rumored to be in the neighborhood of four hundred thousand dollars. I think you are so wise to just let it lie and to live off Ross's salary as he wants you to. You both will be happier not having your lives involved with a clutter of money at this stage. Now, let me see, I had some recipe in mind—oh yes, here are a couple of sauces that will come in handy. One for meats and the other for vegetables. First the Horseradish Sauce.

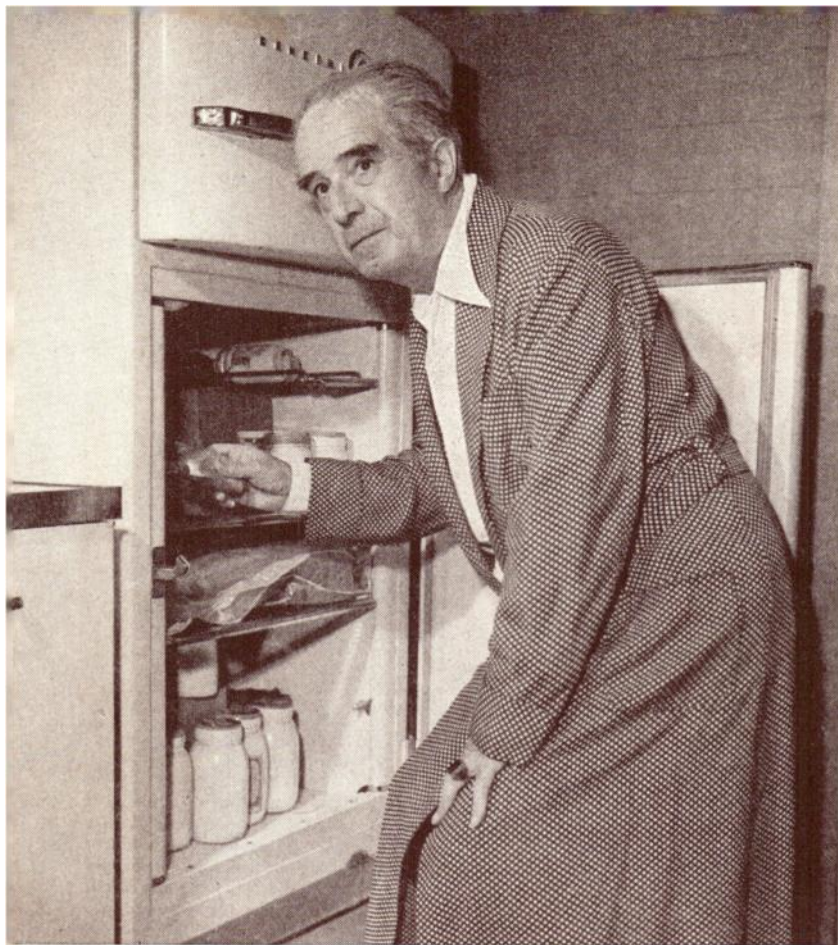
HORSERADISH SAUCE (Makes approximately 1 cup)

½ cup heavy cream
¼ cup horseradish, drained
Whip cream as stiff as possible. Fold in drained horseradish. Serve as a sauce with ham, boiled beef, tongue.

"Excellent with Roast meats."

While your Mother, Claudia, and your Aunt Hazel were having grandchildren for your Grandfather and me, your Uncle Paul had become interested in a lovely widow named Beth Holly. We thought for years they were going to marry. Beth was as much a part of the family as an actual daughter-in-law. But in the end they DIDN'T marry and bit by bit they drifted apart. I mention Beth because she is the only girl Paul came





Uh-huh, so THIS is where my 'left-overs' have been disappearing. Your Grandfather was miffed and spluttered for a week when Jack caught him and took this.

near marrying in all the years since Elaine's death. We still have ONE thing which reminds us of Beth. When they were seeing a lot of each other she often had Paul at her apartment for Sunday morning breakfast and she always gave him Sour Milk Bread Pancakes or Eggs Robespierre. Paul liked them so much he got her to give me the recipes. First the Pancakes:

BUTTERMILK BREAD PAN CAKES

(Makes 24 3-inch pan cakes)

"All I ask is just try them!"

- 1 egg
- 2¼ cups buttermilk
- ¾ cup fine dry bread crumbs
- ¾ cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- ¼ cup melted shortening

Beat egg, mix with buttermilk, stir in bread crumbs and let stand. Sift flour with soda, salt and sugar. Add flour to buttermilk mixture and beat until smooth. Stir in

Buttermilk Bread Pan Cakes, Continued
melted shortening. Bake on lightly greased griddle,
turning once only.

My goodness, I forgot all about Paul's adoption of Teddy. Don't worry, I'll come back to the Eggs Robespierre, but it just occurred to me that Paul found Teddy the same year you were born, and in one way it was Teddy who was responsible for the separation of Paul and Beth. She was an enchanting little girl and Beth refused to go into competition with a seven-year-old, so that was that! And now—the eggs recipe:

EGGS ROBESPIERRE (4 servings)

4 large cream puffs
2 cups hot creamed chicken and mushrooms
4 poached eggs
½ cup Hollandaise sauce
Cut tops from cream puffs. Fill bottom parts of cream puff shells with creamed chicken and mushrooms. Meanwhile, poach four eggs. Place one on each serving. Replace tops of cream puffs and spoon two tablespoons of Hollandaise sauce over each puff just before serving.

In 1937 Clifford married Ann Waite. The day that your Grandfather rented your Mother's and Johnny's honeymoon house to Professor Waite and Ann, was the most tragic day in the history of the Barbour family. The Professor was head of the Music Department at the University and Ann was a child piano prodigy and had grown up into a young woman who knew nothing . . . NOTHING AT ALL but her piano and her music. And Clifford had to fall in love with her! I WILL say THIS for Professor Waite . . . he had one good recipe which I'll give you in just a minute, but beyond that he was a narrow, arrogant, dictatorial man who had made an automaton out of Ann and had nipped all her normal feminine instincts before they even budded. But as I say he did have one delicious recipe which he sent to me one day with his compliments. He called it Remoulade Eggs.

REMOULADE EGGS (6 servings)

6 lettuce leaves
6 slices buttered white or rye bread
6 slices boiled tongue or ham
6 slices peeled tomato
6 cold hard-poached eggs
Remoulade Dressing:

"Just suits Paul's gourmet palate."



And you again, Jean, with your Grandfather when you were eight years old. A before dinner nap.

"Excellent Special Luncheon Dish."



You look so sweet and Ross looks so stiff and proud and scared. How bridegrooms DO suffer.



Your wedding party. I'm so glad you were married in our home. Mrs. Farnsworth looks as though she highly disapproved of the whole thing. And she DID TOO.

Remoulade Eggs, Continued

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup mayonnaise
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
- 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion

Place lettuce leaves on individual salad plates. On lettuce place rounds cut from buttered white or rye bread with crusts removed. On bread place boiled tongue or ham, then slice of tomato, then cold poached egg. Pour over all a generous amount of dressing made by combining ingredients for dressing.



The Barbour Clan is the most unmusical family in America, but how we used to love to TRY to sing. Those were such happy days. Taken in 1940.

When your Uncle Clifford married Ann and she was suddenly brought out of her childish dream world and face to face with physical and human love, she was confused and terrified. She called Clifford a clod, and a beast. Naturally their marriage lasted exactly long enough for Ann to pack her clothes and rush back across the bay to Berkeley where her father had taken a house after the marriage. That was the last time Clifford ever saw Ann alive. Unbeknown to him she was going to have a baby, but Ann died and the baby was born before he was aware of either event. Ann did not die of childbirth as so many people think. It was a normal and easy time for her according to her doctor, but she made a desperate attempt to get out of the hospital and run back to her father's house the same day the baby was born and that is what brought about her death. What a story to be putting down in a book of recipes, but the history of the family is so tied up in all my sewing and cooking and housekeeping, I can't think of recipes without recalling some family incident. I was thinking about your Great Grandmother Martin's shrimp salad and how much Clifford loved it. That's what got me started on Clifford and Ann. Anyway this is an excellent salad:



GRANDMA'S SHRIMP SALAD

(5-6 servings)

- 1 tall can shrimp
- 2 cups finely shredded firm cabbage
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- Pimiento or stuffed olives

Clean shrimp and chop coarsely. Add to cabbage and mix well. Cover and chill. Just before serving, blend in mayonnaise, seasonings and lemon juice. Serve in lettuce cups. Garnish with strips of pimiento or sliced stuffed olives.

Well after Ann died Professor Waite did not want the baby so your Grandfather and I went to the hospital and got him. He was a beautiful boy, but Clifford was so wrought up over Ann he could not bear the sight of the child. It was almost a year before we finally got him to take an interest. Even THEN he didn't give him a name, just called him Skip or Skipper until the boy was almost eight years old. Then the little boy and his father got together and decided on Andrew after his mother Ann. Now he's called Andy. Andy is my prize Cheese Waffle and Drop Cookie fan. He's such an industrious little fellow. He's fourteen now and going to a boarding school down near Mountain View and working in Mr. Smither's drugstore. Every once in a while I send him a box of his favorite Drop Cookies.

DROP COOKIES (ROCKS)

(Makes about 5 dozen cookies)

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups raisins
- 1 cup broken nut meats

Sift flour with baking powder, salt and spices. Cream butter or margarine until soft and smooth; add sugars gradually, creaming until well blended. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Gradually stir in flour mixture. Add raisins and nut meats and mix to distribute well. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased baking sheet and bake at 375°F. (moderate oven) for 12 to 15 minutes.

Whenever Andy comes up for a week-end to stay with his Grandfather and me, I usually try to invite Margaret and Jack's three eldest daughters, Elizabeth



Your cousin, Andy, Clifford and Ann's boy. What a fine youngster!

"Man or Boy—Who doesn't like Cookies?"



Abbie, Debbie and Connie, Jack and Betty's Triplets, who are now four years old, and this is the last picture, taken two years ago. I'm going to get a photographer out here on my own and keep the family scrapbook up to scratch, if no one else will.

Sharon Ann, Janie, and Mary Lou and your little sister, Penny, over for Sunday morning breakfast and we have a cheese waffle celebration. You used to like them too, Joan, as I remember.

CHEESE WAFFLES

(Makes 2 9-inch square waffles)

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 ¼ cups milk
- 6 tablespoons melted shortening
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 2 egg whites

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Beat egg yolks until thick and combine with milk and shortening. Add to flour mixture and stir until smooth. Mix in grated cheese and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in heated waffle iron.

"Another way to make Sunday breakfast new and interesting."

Goodness I really got ahead of myself talking about Penelope and Jack's three elder daughters. Let's see, your Mother married Captain Nicholas Lacey in 1935—and how we all loved dear Nicky. Penny was born in 1938, the year after Andy. Then Jack's children were born as I remember as follows: Elizabeth Sharon Ann in 1942, Janie in 1943, and Mary Lou in 1944. You remember your Mother, Claudia, gave the honeymoon house, across the hedge from the family home, to Jack and Betty as a wedding present. That was after Ann died and Clifford came back home to live. My what a struggle Jack and Betty have had maintaining it. After college Jack went into Judge Hunter's law office and

the children began to come. Both Jack and Betty were "Poor but Proud" and would accept no help from your grandfather whatsoever. This leads me to say that while Jack loved meat, he and Betty learned how to make out with some of the cheaper cuts and I gave Betty three recipes which YOU may find helpful. The first one is Barbecued Spareribs.

BARBECUED SPARERIBS (6-8 servings)

- 4 lbs. spareribs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 lemon, thinly sliced
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 1 teaspoon chili powder
- 2 teaspoons celery seed
- ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- ½ cup vinegar
- ¼ cup Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup catsup
- 2 cups water

Cut spareribs into serving pieces and place in shallow baking pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place lemon slices and onion over meat. Bake at 450°F. (hot oven) for 45 minutes. Combine remaining ingredients in saucepan and cook until mixture boils. Pour over meat. Reduce oven temperature to 350°F. (moderate oven) and bake for 1 to 1½ hours, basting occasionally with sauce from pan.

Another one of Betty's money saving meat dishes was Braised Short Ribs. This is a dish the whole family can dig into and eat of heartily without digging too deep into the pocket book.

BRAISED SHORT RIBS OF BEEF (6 servings)

- 3 lbs. short ribs
- ¼ cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons hot fat
- ½ cup diced onion
- ½ teaspoon Rosemary
- ½ cup catsup
- 1 cup water

Dredge meat in flour which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown in hot fat. Pour off drippings. Place meat in roasting pan or baking dish with tight fitting cover. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over meat. Cover and bake at 300°F. (slow oven) about 2 hours or until meat is tender.

Here's a pork chop dish which glorifies the pig in a highly satisfactory manner. If cooked very well it's



Margaret swears that her boy-friend, Marvin, lives on poetry! Who knows? Maybe she has found the one male in captivity who doesn't love to eat!



even a satisfactory dish for children. At least Betty and Jack's three eldest like it.

BAKED PORK CHOPS

(6 servings)

6 thick center cut pork chops
2 cans condensed mushroom soup
Trim fat from chops and brown quickly in frying pan. Transfer to shallow baking dish and pour undiluted mushroom soup over them. Chops should be well covered with soup. Bake at 325°F. (slow oven) for 45 minutes or until chops are very tender, adding more soup if necessary during cooking. Serve with baked potatoes. The mushroom soup makes delicious gravy.

"Cook all pork very well, especially for children."

When Jack and Betty's triplets, Abbie, Debby and Connie arrived, Betty really went into her "Stretcher Recipes." The triplets came as a New Year's present. Abigail being born ten minutes before midnight, 1948; Deborah right on the stroke of midnight and Constance twelve minutes into the New Year of 1949. What a time Jack and Betty had with their "six beautiful daughters" as Jack always insists on calling them. And here's one of Betty's "Stretcher" recipes.

BETTY'S STRETCHER DISH

(4-6 servings)

1 ½ cups elbow macaroni
1 medium onion, sliced thin
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ lb. ground beef
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon black pepper
Few dashes soy sauce

Cook macaroni until tender (about 15 minutes) in 3 quarts boiling salted water. Drain in colander. Meanwhile, cook onion in butter or margarine until soft. Add meat and cook until brown and crumbly. Add seasonings. Then add hot drained macaroni and keep turning with a spatula until thoroughly blended. Serve with catsup.

Betty on the day Jack left for the Pacific in 1944 as a Lieutenant in the Field Artillery.



But there I go getting ahead of myself again. The triplets came after Jack's three years in the Armed Service and what a time Betty had with the three older girls, while Jack was away. That's when she really became a good cook "preparing herself for Jack's return" as she put it, and also giving herself something to keep her mind off Jack's absence. One of her neighbors, Ruthie Ware, gave her one of her prize recipes: Meat Balls with sour cream. She always serves them when your Grandfather and I come through the hedge for dinner.



MEAT BALLS WITH SOUR CREAM

(Makes 30 small meat balls)

- 4 slices white bread
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 medium onion, finely minced
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine
- 1 ¼ teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon black pepper
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- Fine dry bread crumbs
- 3 tablespoons shortening
- 1 cup sour cream

Cut off crusts of bread; soak bread in water until saturated, then squeeze dry and add to the ground beef. Add onion which has been cooked in butter or margarine until soft and yellow. Add seasonings and parsley. Shape into meat balls about the size of golf balls. Roll in bread crumbs and brown on all sides in shortening. Place meat balls in top of double boiler and pour sour cream over them. Cook over boiling water for 30 minutes.

Jack snapped this one in the midst of a cooking lesson. I never did know how Ross and your grandfather got in on the act. That is lemon-ade in your grandfather's hand, by the way.

"There's that sour cream again, but you won't be sorry."

Here I am telling you about what happened in 1949 and I haven't said a word about Bill Herbert dying and leaving your Aunt Hazel a widow back in 1940 when you, Hank and Pinky were still such little folk. I haven't mentioned that Margaret was born in 1936.

"There is nothing more toothsome than a good piece of ham!"

Hank and Pinky and you, Jean, snapped by Clifford in 1945. You were actually peeking through the bannister at one of Clifford's girls who had come to dinner at the family home.



Hazel did a wonderful job with Hank and Pinky and Margaret without a father. Then in 1945 she married Daniel Murray. What a blessing he was; not only for Hazel, but for the three children. In his honor I'm giving two of his favorite recipes. The first is Baked Ham Slices.

BAKED HAM SLICES

(4-6 servings)

- 1 center cut ham slice, 1 inch thick
- 4 cups sliced raw potatoes
- 1 cup sliced onion
- 2 pimientoes, cut fine
- Salt and Pepper
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 3 tablespoons flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
- Paprika

Cut ham into four or five pieces and place in a 2-quart casserole. Arrange potatoes, onions and pieces of pimiento in alternate layers on top of ham. Sprinkle each layer with salt and pepper. Blend melted butter or margarine, salt and pepper together. Add milk gradually and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Pour over potatoes. Sprinkle with paprika. Cover casserole and bake at 350°F . (moderate oven) for 45 minutes. Uncover and bake about 45 minutes longer, or until browned on top and potatoes are tender.

Dan's favorite of all hot breads is called Pan Bread. I don't know where Hazel got the recipe but it's certainly wonderfully tasty and very digestible.

PAN BREAD

(Makes 12-16 pieces)

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons shortening
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 egg
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Cream shortening with sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add milk all at once and blend thoroughly. Add flour mixture and stir only enough to moisten. Do not beat. Turn batter into greased 8-inch square pan, spreading out to edges. Bake at 425°F . (hot oven) about 18 to 20 minutes, or until golden brown. Remove hot bread from pan; separate into pieces with fork.

Now that I start thinking back over the family history

I think of Irene, Clifford's second wife. What a lovely, lovely girl she was, and I think Clifford's whole life would have been different if she hadn't been killed so tragically in that wicked automobile accident. Do you remember that Clifford married Irene Franklin in 1942 and after only four years, lost her in 1946? She wasn't a big eater but I remember two things she loved dearly. One of them was my Continental Rice Pudding and the other was the way I fixed fresh pineapple. Here's the Pudding recipe.

CONTINENTAL RICE PUDDING (5-6 servings)

- 3 cups milk
- ½ cup rice
- 1 cup boiling water
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon butter
- 1 egg
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- Topping:*
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon butter

Heat milk in top of double boiler. Wash rice and cook 5 minutes in boiling water. Add rice to milk and cook until tender, about 1 hour. Add salt and butter. Remove rice from heat and stir in egg which has been slightly beaten with the sugar. Add vanilla. Pour into serving dish and add topping: Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixed together and dot with butter. Let stand in warm place until topping melts to form a syrup. Serve warm.

And here's Fresh Pineapple Irene. It's so simple, but she loved it.

FRESH PINEAPPLE IRENE (6-8 servings)

- 1 ripe fresh pineapple
- ½ cup strained honey
- Peel pineapple and carefully remove all the "eyes."
- Cut into quarters lengthwise and cut out center core.
- Cut pineapple into bite-size pieces. Chill thoroughly.
- Just before serving, add the honey and mix lightly.

Well, the years have gone by. Poor Teddy, or perhaps I should say happy, happy Teddy. She's doing a noble work these days. When she grew up old enough to know her mind, she found that few men had the high ideals of her adopted father, Paul. So she turned to nursing and became an Army nurse. That's why she's now stationed over in Japan under Major Edith Aynes, devot-



It's after a day in the garden like this that I give your Grandfather a really substantial meal. Maybe his Baked Cheese Surprise.

"Every recipe book must have a rice pudding."

"As successful as it is simple."



1943, when Teddy began her nurses training and Jack was in the Pacific. Betty (extreme right) spent a great deal of time at the family home then.

ing all her love to taking care of our boys hurt in Korea. She DID try marriage once with Elwood Giddings but it just didn't work. I'm thinking about Teddy now because when she was a little girl one of her favorite tidbits was Pecan Balls, and I do want you to have this recipe. It's 'Yummy' as Teddy used to say.

"Not too many at one sitting; too rich."



PECAN BALLS (Makes 2½ dozen cookies)

- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- Confectioners' sugar (about ½ cup)

Cream butter or margarine. Blend in remaining ingredients, except confectioners' sugar. Shape into balls about 1 inch in diameter. Place on lightly greased baking sheet. Bake at 375°F. (moderate oven) about 15 minutes, or until very lightly browned. Roll in confectioners' sugar while hot.

Another of Teddy's favorites was Peppermint Dessert. Recently she remembered it in a letter home and asked

for the recipe to make it for the other nurses and GI patients in Japan. Here it is:

PEPPERMINT DESSERT

(6-8 servings)

- 8 graham crackers, crushed fine
- ½ cup crushed hard peppermint candy (peppermint sticks or pinwheels)
- 12 marshmallows, cut small
- ¼ cup chopped pecans
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- Hot fudge sauce (optional)

Spread half the graham cracker crumbs in an 8-inch square pan. Fold peppermint candy, marshmallows, pecans and vanilla into whipped cream. Pour over the crumbs. Sprinkle remaining crumbs over top of the dessert. Chill for 6 to 8 hours. This dessert may also be frozen and served without thawing. Serve with hot fudge sauce, if desired.

And do you know I got a letter from Pinky the other day? He certainly is having a TIME as a Sailor Boy stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He was remembering about the old summer vacations at the Sky Ranch and asked if I still made that 'lovely' Sky Ranch Salad. He said his mouth waters every time he thinks about it. Well, it is a good salad though I would have thought Pinky would be dreaming about cakes and ice cream. But here's the salad:

SKY RANCH SALAD

(6-8 servings)

- 2 No. 2 cans kidney beans
- ¾ cup French dressing
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 6 green onions, sliced thin
- 1 cup diced cucumber
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 cup diced green pepper

Heat kidney beans and drain. While still warm add French dressing. Chill for several hours. Just before serving, add remaining ingredients and toss together until well blended.

AND Hank, bless his heart, over at the University of California, is working his way through Medical School and doing so well in his studies. I don't know why he won't let his Grandfather help him a little with money, but he won't, and we're certainly just as proud of him as your Aunt Hazel is. You know he has a room where he does his own cooking when he has time. He sent over for one of my recipes and inasmuch as he liked it well enough to remember it and ask for it, maybe you'd like to try it on Ross. Here is Cream Celery with Ham:



Aaah-haa, Hazel's getting her chafing dish back from the Jack Barbours. And about time too.

"Hearty and zesty; good substitute for potato salad."

CREAM CELERY WITH HAM

(4-6 servings)

- 2 cups celery, cut in 1/2-inch pieces
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 cups finely diced cooked ham
- 1 1/2 cups medium white sauce (unsalted)
- 1/2 teaspoon powdered marjoram
- 1/2 teaspoon onion salt
- 1/2 cup buttered crumbs (optional)

Cook celery in boiling water to which salt has been added. Cook until tender and most of water is evaporated, about 30 minutes. Drain celery and combine with ham. Add white sauce, marjoram and onion salt and heat in double boiler, or over very low heat. Serve over hot toast or hot corn bread. Or, pour into individual ramekins and sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake at 375°F. (moderate oven) 12 to 15 minutes or until crumbs are browned.

This warms my heart. It's obvious that Ross loves you and that you are a happy girl.

Now here's one of your Grandfather's favorite dishes. I go very light with his diet in the winter time but come spring when he's out in the garden going from morning until night I REALLY give him a meal. If Ross likes this then he'll be 'In' with your Grandfather forever.

BAKED CHEESE SURPRISE

(4-6 servings)

- 6 slices day-old bread
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1/4 lb. nippy American cheese, grated
- 2 eggs
- 1 3/4 cups milk
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper

Remove crusts from bread. Butter slices of bread on one side. Arrange three slices, buttered-side up in lightly greased 4 1/2 x 1 3/4 x 1 1/2-inch baking pan so that bread completely covers bottom of dish. Sprinkle cheese evenly over the bread. Cover with remaining slices of bread, buttered-side down. Beat eggs, milk, salt and pepper together. Pour over bread and cheese. Let stand 1 hour. Bake at 325°F. (slow oven) 45 to 50 minutes or until well puffed and browned. Serve immediately.

"The surprise comes in the eating! It's that delectable!"

My dear, this is turning out to be a gossipy old woman's chit-chat about her loved ones rather than a recipe book, I fear, but I do have a few more good cooking suggestions in front of me, and I will try to keep it down to recipes and not run off into the past. This Tomato Juice Frappe is something I am personally very fond of.

TOMATO JUICE FRAPPE

(5-6 servings)

- 2 cups tomato juice
- 2½ tablespoons lemon juice
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon celery salt
- ¼ teaspoon onion powder
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- Dash of pepper
- 1 drop Tabasco sauce

Turn tomato juice into bowl or pitcher. Add remaining ingredients and stir until salt and sugar are dissolved. Pour into freezing tray and freeze until mushy, stirring occasionally. Serve in glasses with a slice of lime on rim of each.

"Recommended for lunch or light dinner."

Also I've had great success with my Pressed Chicken recipe, not only with the family but when I've had women in for luncheon.

PRESSED CHICKEN

(8-10 servings)

- 1 3-lb. stewing chicken
- 2 quarts water
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 5 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Dash red pepper
- 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
- 3 tablespoons cold water

Simmer chicken in 2 quarts of water with salt added until meat falls from the bones. Remove chicken and cool. Chill chicken stock until fat may be skimmed off. Remove skin of chicken. Chop meat fine and add celery and hard-cooked eggs. Add seasonings and mix thoroughly. Meanwhile, soften gelatin in cold water and dissolve in 2 cups of the heated chicken broth. Let cool until partly congealed and add the chicken mixture. Turn into a 1½-quart mold and chill until firm. Slice and serve on crisp lettuce leaves, with or without mayonnaise.

I won't repeat what your grandfather said about this picture. It wouldn't matter really WHAT Mrs. Farnsworth LOOKED LIKE if only she would be nice to YOU. Let's hope she has a change of heart when the baby comes.

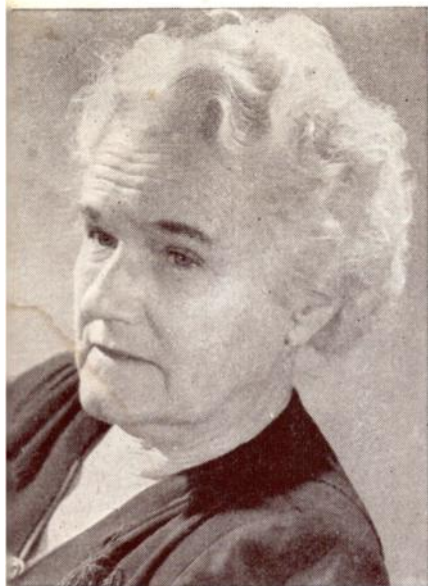


I was interrupted just now by Betty on the phone. She says she's afraid the triplets are coming down with the measles. What a life! She also said if I left my Salmon Mousse recipe out of this list to you, she'd never forgive me. How she can think of Salmon Mousse with the threat of measles-in-triplicate in the offing I don't know, but that's Betty and here is the recipe.

SALMON MOUSSE

(5-6 servings)

- 1 7½-oz. can red salmon
- 2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin



This is the way I've come through fifty-six years of married life, a great deal of which was spent in the kitchen, and I've loved it all.

Salmon Mousse, Continued

- ½ cup cold water
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 2 teaspoons flour
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- Dash red pepper
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup milk
- ¼ cup vinegar
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine

Sauce:

- ½ cup heavy cream, whipped
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- ¾ cup chopped cucumber

Drain and flake salmon. Soften gelatin in the cold water. Beat egg yolks, add the combined dry ingredients, and mix well. Add milk, vinegar and butter or margarine and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Stir in softened gelatin and the flaked salmon. Turn into a 1-quart mold and chill until firm, at least 3 hours. Serve on salad greens with a dressing made as follows: Whip cream until stiff, and gradually fold in combined salt, vinegar and cucumber.

I just thought of Glazed Onions, maybe because my eyes are getting a little glazed from all this writing. However, they are delicious with meat . . . especially roast meat.

GLAZED ONIONS

(5-6 servings)

- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 lbs. small white onions
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ cup sugar

Add salt to boiling water. Drop in onions and cook until tender, about 25 minutes. Drain and dry on paper towels. Melt butter in frying pan, add sugar and stir until blended. Add onions and cook until they are slightly brown and nicely glazed. Turn frequently to obtain an even glaze.

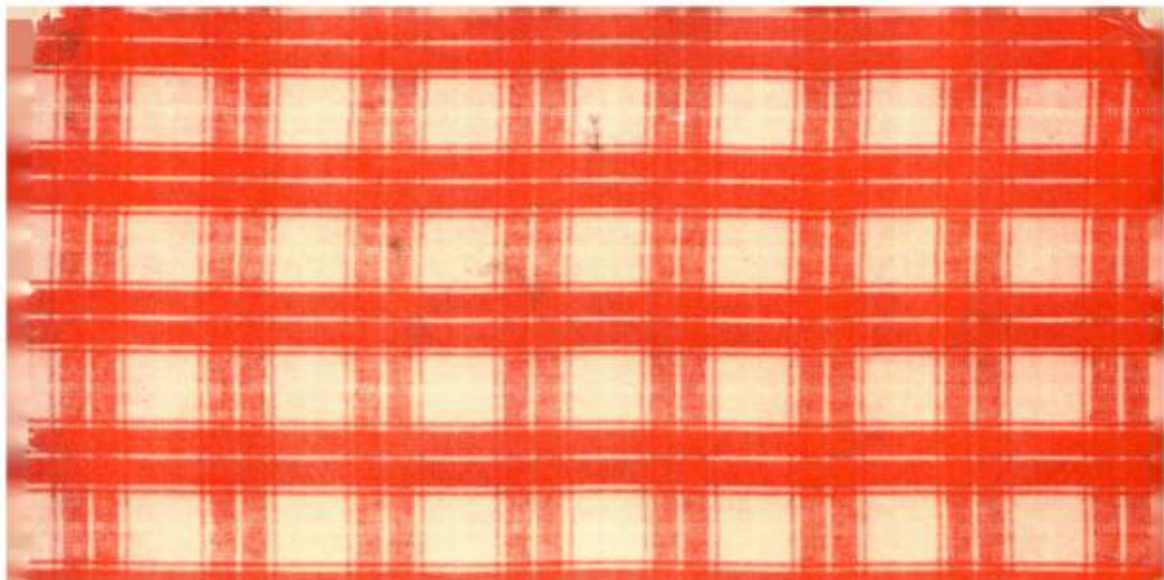
And now, my dear, I think I'd better end this list of recipes right here. I hope that some of them will become favorites in your family as they have in mine, and I know that, as the years pass, you will find many to add to this list. I like to think that sometime in the future you will be compiling such a list for YOUR grandchildren, along with your "special memories" of your fine family. May those memories bring you as much comfort and pleasure as mine do.

The End





And this is the man I did it for as he is today. Henry Wilson Barbour, as fine a husband and father as a family could ever want; an ardent grandfather and an eagerly expectant Great Grandfather. May his spirit always pervade your household. It will truly be a good wholesome American Family if it does.



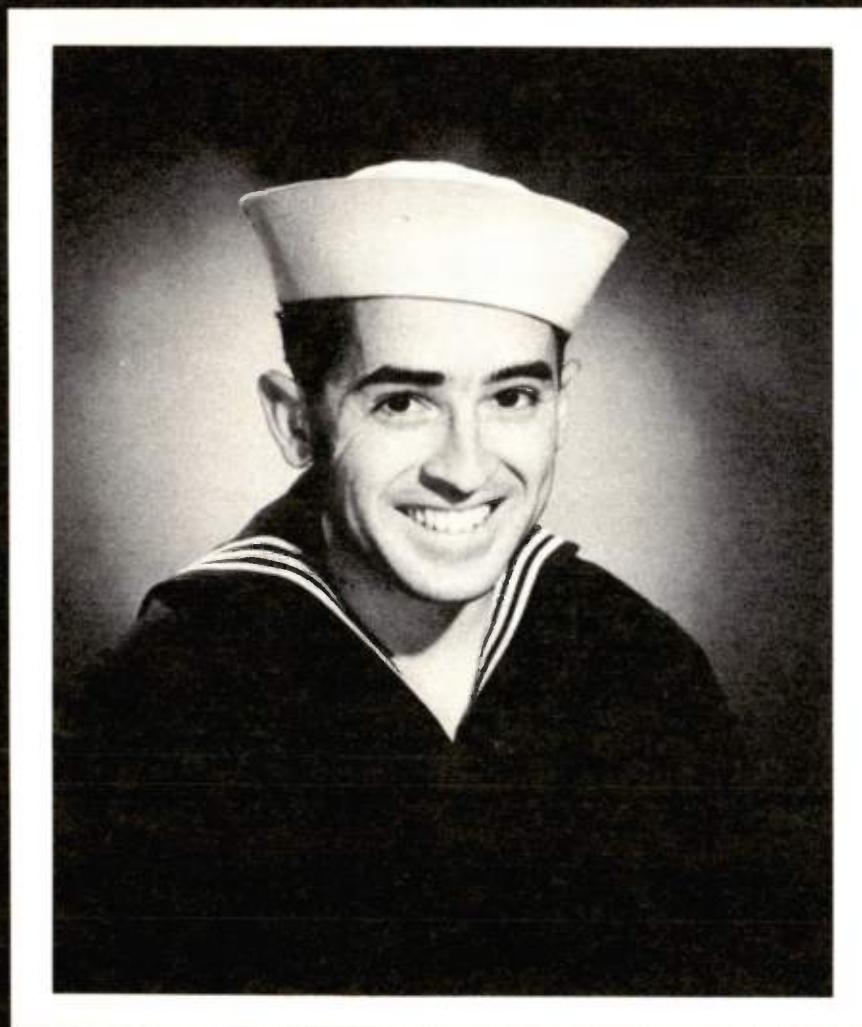
*Barbour Family
Album*

Editor-in-Chief

MARGARET HERBERT MURRAY

Assistant

HENRY BARBOUR



PINKY

DEDICATION

DEAR PINKY:

WE HONOR YOU WITH OUR FIRST PICTURE BECAUSE THIS ALBUM IS DEDICATED TO YOU AND BECAUSE YOU ARE THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE BARBOUR FAMILY IN UNIFORM THIS TIME. EVERYONE IN THE FAMILY THINKS YOU LOOK SIMPLY SUPER IN A NAVY UNIFORM.

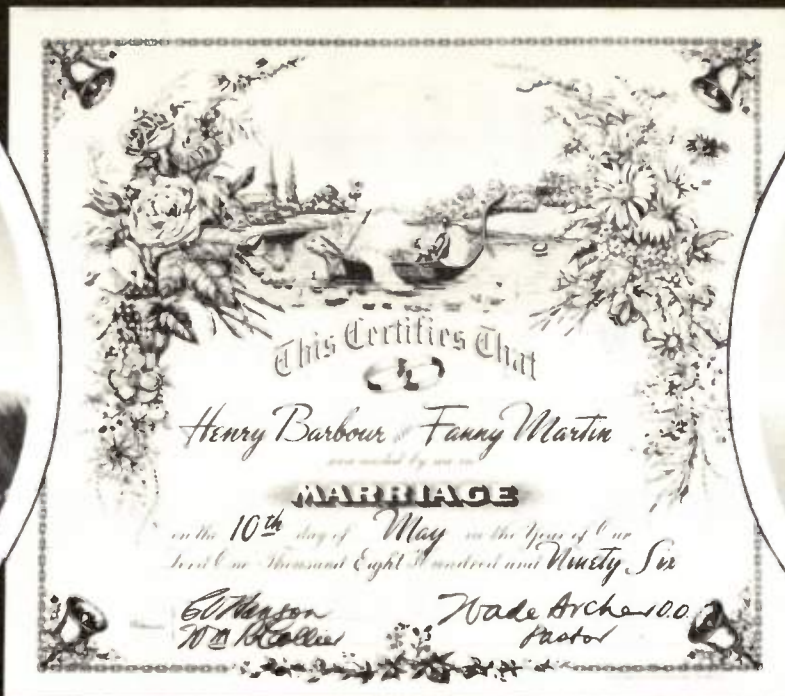
Father Barbour

GRANDFATHER REALLY SAID IT ALL, BUT I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO A SIMPLY WONDERFUL BROTHER WILLIAM BARBOUR HERBERT FOR ADDING NEW GLORY TO OUR FAMILY.

Margaret Herbert Murray



GRANDFATHER BARBOUR
AND THE "HEAD OF THE
HOUSE OF BARBOUR"
WHO BEGAN THE FAMILY



GRANDMOTHER BARBOUR
WHO HELPED GRANDFATHER
BEGIN IT

NEW ARRIVALS

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Barbour and their son Henry, 12, and daughter Isobel, 7, are new residents in San Francisco, having come here from Bulleton, Ohio.

IN THE MAY 7, 1879 ISSUE OF THE S. F. CHRONICLE.
GREAT GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER BARBOUR
DIED SIMPLY YEARS BEFORE I WAS EVEN BORN!

New Brokerage Firm Opens

The Henry Barbour Stock and Bond House opened its doors for business at 101 Montgomery Street yesterday morning. Mr. Barbour was formerly with the Great Western Bank.

IN S. F. CHRONICLE
MARCH 8, 1901

BIRTHS

A girl to Mr. and Mrs. William Herbert of 1818 Sierra Drive, City.

IN THE AUGUST 3, 1936 ISSUE OF THE S. F. NEWS.
THEY SURE DON'T GIVE YOU A VERY BIG WELCOME
IN THE NEWSPAPERS. THIS WAS IMPORTANT!

SOCIETY COLUMN OF
THE S. F. BULLETIN
AUGUST 1, 1912

SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barbour last night became the parents of twins at the Good Samaritan Hospital to the delight of their many friends. First to arrive was a son, whom they have named Clifford; and then a girl whom they call Claudia. The Barbours who live in Sea Cliff have two other children, Paul, a freshman at the University of California, and Hazel who is a junior in Parkside High School. Mrs. Barbour is an active leader in Parent Teachers and Girl Scout activities in the Bay Area.

UNCLE JACK DIDN'T COME
UNTIL FIVE YEARS LATER

Henry Barbour Retires from Business

The Henry Barbour Stock and Bond House which has been a landmark on Montgomery Street for thirty-seven years yesterday was sold to the McClintock & Garvey Brokerage house of New York for a thousand dollars. Mr. Barbour who resides in Sea Cliff has retired from active life after building one of the most respected Bond Houses in San Francisco.

IN S. F. EXAMINER
DECEMBER 19, 1938



AWHILE BACK WE THOUGHT
UNCLE PAUL WAS GOING TO
MARRY CHRISTINE ABBOTT.
HER BROTHER REX FROME
SPOILED IT ALL SO CHRISTINE
IS GOING ON WITH HER
CAREER IN EUROPE.



UNCLE PAUL FLEW IN BOTH WORLD WARS.
SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO TELL WHETHER HE OR
GRANDFATHER IS HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF BARBOUR.

TEDDY'S A BARBOUR ONLY BY
ADOPTION BUT SHE'S ONE OF
THE HEROES OF THE FAMILY;
AN ARMY NURSE SERVING



BEFORE UNCLE PAUL MET CHRISTINE,
GRANDFATHER WAS HOPING UNCLE PAUL
WOULD MARRY NICOLETTE. SHE'S WONDERFUL.
SHE LIVES OVER NEXT DOOR AND HELPS



THIS WAS WHEN I WAS MY
VERY PRETTIEST. WHY COULDN'T
I STAY THAT WAY. I WAS SIX.



MOM SAYS SHE'LL ALWAYS LOVE ME,
LEGS, TEETH, PIGTAILS AND ALL.
GRANDFATHER SAYS I'M LAYING
TOO MUCH EMPHASIS ON ONE
MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.



DAN SAY'S A GIRL DOESN'T NEED
BEAUTY IF SHE HAS CHARACTER.
WHO WANTS TO BE A 'CHARACTER'.



I THINK GIRLS SHOULD BE MORE
IMPORTANT. THEY ARE TO ME.



THIS IS ME UP AT THE SKY RANCH
WITH SKY-BABY, WHEN I WAS
TWELVE. HORSES LOVE ME.

GRANDFATHER'S AN AWFUL COMFORT
TO ME SOMETIMES WHEN I GET TOO
DISCOURAGED. GROWING UP IS
SIMPLY AWFUL IF YOU'RE NOT THE
MOST EXQUISITE, ADORABLE,
SNAPPIEST GIRL IN TOWN,
AND WHO IS, FOR PETE'S SAKE.



OH YES, THESE ARE MY TWIN
BROTHERS, HANK AND PINKY.
THEY WERE NINE HERE.



MY OWN FAMILY BEGINS WITH MOM (HAZEL) AND DAN. DAN'S ONLY OUR
FOSTER FATHER, BUT WE ALL LOVE HIM. NOBODY IS VERY IMPORTANT IN OUR
FAMILY YET, BUT MAYBE THEY WILL BE BECAUSE PINKY'S JOINED THE NAVY
AND MY OTHER BROTHER HANK IS GETTING ALL A'S IN MEDICAL SCHOOL
... CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT ... ALL A'S!



Lawyer's Wife Bears Triplets HAPPY NEW YEAR!

It was a surprised and happy father who this morning held 1949's first three babies in his arms at Children's Hospital, and realized all three were his own. Born to Betty and Jack Barbour, attorney in the law office of Judge Glen Hunter, were Abigail and Deborah, who triumphantly arrived at midnight, December 31, 1948. Constance arrived seven minutes later, to make her birthday January 1, 1949.

Abigail weighed in at 4 lbs. 2 oz.,

Deborah, 4½ lbs. even, and Constance was 5 lbs. 3 oz. All were doing well this morning, as was Mrs. Barbour.

Lawyer Jack's only comment when interviewed by Examiner reporters was "Gosh—wait'll Dad hears about this—the Barbour family is REALLY expanding." The triplets grandfather is Henry Barbour, well-known retired investment broker of Sea Cliff.

UNCLE JACK SAID HE THOUGHT HE'D SET OFF A 'CHAIN REACTION' OR 'NUCLEAR FISSION' WHEN AUNT BETTY HAD THE TRIPLETS. THEY ARE ABBIE (ABAGAIL), DEBBY (DEBORAH), AND CONNIE (CONSTANCE).

UNCLE JACK'S MY YOUNGEST UNCLE, BUT HE'S GOT THE MOST CHILDREN . . . SIX BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS. THIS IS A PICTURE WHEN HE JUST GOT BACK FROM KOREA AFTER THE LAST WAR. HE'S A PRETTY IMPORTANT BARBOUR TOO; BESIDES BEING IN WORLD WAR TWO HE'S NOW A LAWYER.



THEIR THREE OLDER GIRLS ARE MARY LOU, 5, WHICH GRANDFATHER SAID WAS AN OLD FASHIONED NAME, BUT HE'D SETTLE FOR IT; ELIZABETH SHARON ANN, 7, WHICH GRANDFATHER SAID WAS TOO FANCY A NAME FOR ANYBODY; AND JANIE, 6, WHICH GRANDFATHER SAID WAS CHEATING A GIRL OF A FULL NAME.



Oct 7, 1946 the day Jack came back to Elizabeth Sharon Ann and Janie and Me.

Broker's Son Enters Law

The Law office of Judge Glen Hunter today announced that Jack Barbour, son of Henry Barbour of the Henry Barbour Stock and Bond Brokerage House at 210 Montgomery St. and Sea Cliff, has become associated with the firm. Barbour, 25, is a Stanford Law School graduate, is 25 and is married to Betty Carter Barbour, formerly of Walnut Creek.

S. F. CHRONICLE,
JULY 17, 1943



THIS IS MAUDE PEMBERTON, WHO TURNED DOWN UNCLE CLIFF. REJECTION! REJECTION! REJECTION! POOR UNCLE CLIFF; SOMETIMES HE REMINDS ME AN AWFUL LOT OF ME.



UNCLE CLIFF'S PARTNER IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS, WHICH UNCLE CLIFF USED TO BE IN, TOOK THIS PICTURE AND SHOWED IT AROUND. CAN YOU IMAGINE ANYONE BEING SO MEAN.



TOOTS (ISN'T THAT A CREEPY NAME) SCHULTZ WORKS IN THE SAME REAL ESTATE OFFICE WHERE UNCLE CLIFF USED TO WORK AND NOW HE'S STUCK WITH HER. HE FEELS SORRY FOR HER BECAUSE SHE'S KINDA THE 'REJECTED TYPE', TOO."



UNCLE CLIFF'S SNAZZY NEW CAR WHICH THE FINANCE COMPANY TOOK BACK. I FEEL AWFUL SORRY FOR UNCLE CLIFF... HE'S LOST MAUDIE, HIS REAL ESTATE BUSINESS, AND HIS NEW CAR. AND YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW BRAVE HE'S BEING ABOUT IT.

S. F. CHRONICLE
SAT. MARCH 12, 1951
GOSSIP COLUMN EXCERPT



and that means mucho gracias from all of us to the big man from Oakland. Add interesting questions . . . what young socialite in the Sea Cliff district is about to come into a beaucoup inheritance left her by her paternal grandmother? Tip to you sorority gals across the bay in Berkeley. She'll enter University of California this fall. And listen, sisters, she's an eye-filler to boot . . . Rumored that young lady S. will be aboard the Lurline on it's next trip out to the Hawaiian set. Her money suite, Jo

UNT CLAUDIA'S OLDER DAUGHTER, JOAN, IS THE SHARPEST ONE IN OUR WHOLE FAMILY NOW. SHE'S JUST FINISHED HER FIRST YEAR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AND SHE PRACTICALLY HAS TO COMB THE MEN OUT OF HER HAIR. OH DEAR, BEAUTIFUL AND RICH AND POPULAR.



THIS IS MY AUNT CLAUDIA AND UNCLE NICKY AND MY COUSIN PENNY. PENNY'S KINDA LIKE SKIPPY; JUST GOES TO SCHOOL AND LIVES DOWN THE STREET WITH HER FOLKS. I GUESS LITTLE KIDS THAT AGE JUST AREN'T VERY INTERESTING. I REMEMBER PLENTY WHEN I WAS THAT AGE AND HOW I WAS IGNORED.



THIS IS UNCLE NICKY AND AUNT CLAUDIA'S SKY RANCH FORTY MILES DOWN THE PENINSULA FROM SAN FRANCISCO. I GUESS WE'LL GO UP THERE FOR THE SUMMER LIKE WE ALWAYS DO; HORSES, SWIMMING, HIKING, PICNICS, OUTDOOR BREAKFASTS, EVERYTHING.



YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN ABOUT JOAN! YUMMY ENOUGH TO EAT WITH A SPOON! ANYWAY THAT'S WHAT I HEARD A U. C. SOPHOMORE SAY.

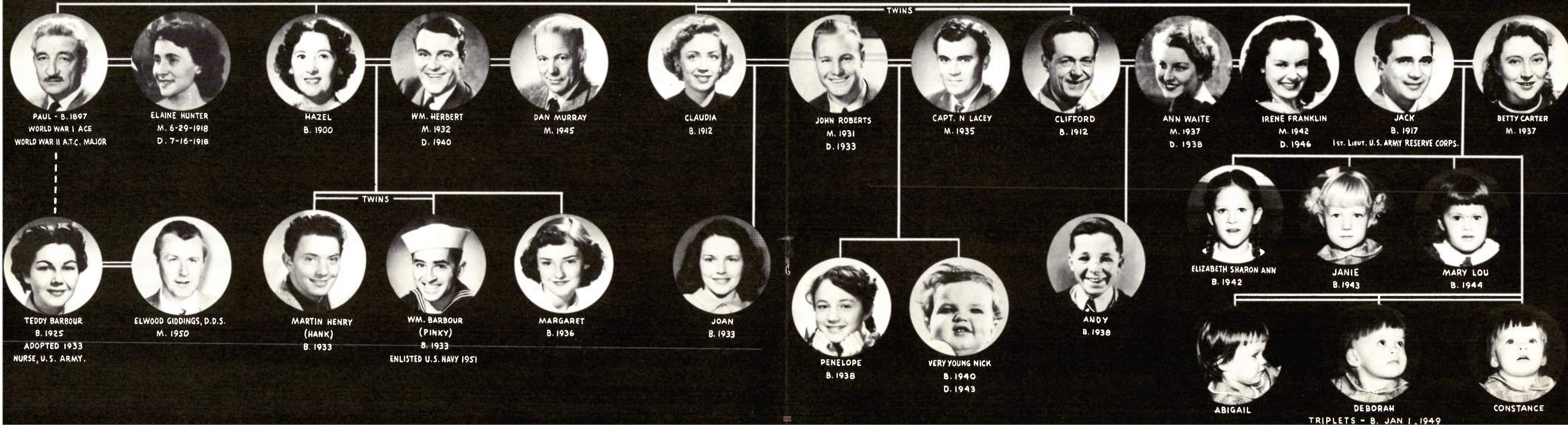
THIS IS A PICTURE OF OUR FAMILY TREE ONLY IT'S NOT EXACTLY LIKE A TREE BECAUSE GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER BARBOUR ARE AT THE TOP AND REALLY THEY SHOULD BE AT THE BOTTOM BECAUSE THEY ARE THE ROOTS OF THE FAMILY. - BUT THIS IS HOW A FAMILY TREE SHOULD LOOK - SO I BETTER DO IT RIGHT !



HENRY BARBOUR
B. 1875
RETIRED STOCK BROKER



FANNY BARBOUR
B. 1878
M. 1896





EVERYBODY SAYS HANK'S
GOING TO BE A GREAT DOCTOR
WHEN HE GRADUATES.

John Crofton Memorial
Medical Scholarship

February 14, 1951

Mr. Martin Henry Herbert,
5642 Piedmont Avenue,
Berkeley 4, California

Dear Mr. Herbert:

On behalf of the College of Medicine the Committee
on Scholarships is pleased to announce that you have
been selected as 1951 recipient of the John Crofton
Memorial Medical Scholarship.

As you know this Scholarship was established to
benefit the most promising pre-medical student at the
University of California each year. We congratulate you
on your appointment and trust that you will well merit
the confidence which your instructors have placed
in you.

Sincerely,
Robert G. Bizart
Robert G. Bizart, M.D.
Chairman



WONDER WHAT WAS SO
FUNNY TO HANK WHEN
THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN?



THIS IS PINKY
WHEN HE WAS TEN

THIS WAS TAKEN JUST
AFTER PINKY 'LEFT'
STANFORD AND WENT
INTO THE LUMBER CAMP



Dear Mom and Dad and Grandpa,
I am enclosing herewith my final report on the
fishes you told me to look for. I found a number
I wish tell you that a very unusual thing
had happened, however.

I have to look back to when my classes up
here... in fact, didn't have them with me
while we were living in Tokyo. But now
that the new classes are founded, I want
you to think about it some. I don't
think I would get downed and find what?
I do think we are not too short now, the
cost is too tight. I want to see the list and my
wrist has shrunk with the growth.
I wish to slip it off.

In while working outdoors has leaving away
to pay off my debt, I am outgrowing the clothes
I used to like to buy. But anyway, with
the last payment to Grandpa, I have now
sent some money for a hat that will fit
me.

Love to all,
Pinky



HAROLD HOOPER IS THE DIP WHO
WRECKED UNCLE CLIFF'S BERNADOTI.

STALWART'S CLUB BY-LAWS

1. We stand for the club motto, which
is: "Bigger and better careers for
girls."
2. We stand for less parental tyranny.
3. We stand for activity, which means
each member must undertake a proj-
ect so she won't think about boys
all the time.
4. No member will remain in good
standing if she goes out with the
same boy more than three times.
5. The club flower is the bachelor bot-
ton, which stands for freedom.
6. The club drink is the Black Cow,
which stands for good tasting.

MOM LAUGHED WHEN SHE READ
THE BY-LAWS OF THE STALWART'S
CLUB. JUST NOBODY TAKES ME
VERY SERIOUS; REJECTION AGAIN.

RODNEY DWYER IS JUST EVERYTHING. HE'S
CENTER ON THE BASKET BALL TEAM; FULL
BACK ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM AND HE HAS
THE CUTEST CURLY HAIR AND (SIGHS) DANCES
DIVINELY.



THAT'S ME... MARGARET LAURA BARBOUR
HERBERT MURRAY! WELL ANYWAY I GOT
PLENTY OF NAMES ANYWAY. EVER SINCE
GRANDFATHER GAVE ME AUNT ISOBEL'S
PICTURE FOR MY ALBUM I KEEP THINKING
I LOOK MORE AND MORE LIKE HER...
I WONDER IF I'M DOOMED TO A LIFE OF
TRAGEDY AND SORROW AND YEARS AND
YEARS OF SPINSTERHOOD. WOULDN'T
THAT BE TOO CREEPY.

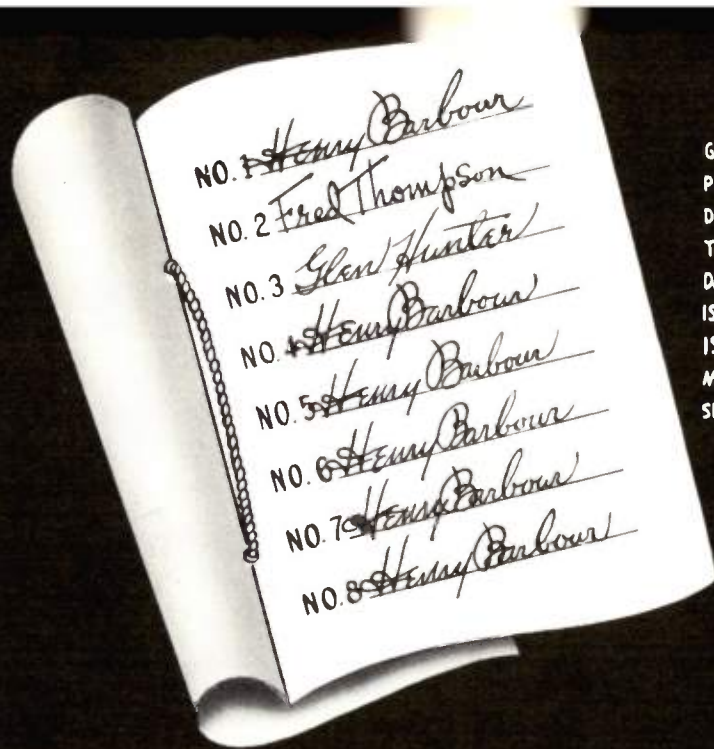


THAT'S TEDDY BETWEEN HER ADOPTED FATHER, UNCLE PAUL,
AND HER HUSBAND, ELWOOD, WHEN ELWOOD AND TEDDY WERE
JUST MARRIED. THEY'RE SEPARATED NOW; TEDDY'S IN JAPAN
AND ELWOOD'S BACK EAST SOMEWHERE. ELWOOD AND UNCLE
PAUL WERE THE ONLY TWO MEN IN TEDDY'S LIFE. I WONDER
IF ELWOOD AND TEDDY ARE KINDA THE 'REJECTED-TYPE', TOO.

GRANDFATHER'S AUNT, MY GREAT-GREAT-AUNT ISOBEL;
THE ONE WHO'S FIANCE WAS KILLED ON THEIR
WEDDING DAY AND SHE NEVER DID GET MARRIED. IT
WAS HER RING GRANDFATHER GAVE TO UNCLE
CLIFF WHEN HE PROPOSED TO MAUDIE.

THIS IS GRANDMOTHER'S CHAFING DISH WHICH IS
PASSED BACK AND FORTH AND UP AND DOWN
SEA CLIFF WHENEVER ANYBODY NEEDS A CHAFING
DISH. I GUESS IT'S ABOUT THE BUSIEST DISH IN
ALL SAN FRANCISCO.





GRANDMOTHER GAVE ME THIS OLD DANCE PROGRAM. SHE SAID GRANDFATHER DIDN'T DANCE IN THOSE DAYS BUT HIS NAME ON THE PROGRAM MEANT HE SAT OUT SOME DANCES WITH HER; THE GLEN HUNTER IS JUDGE HUNTER AND THE FRED THOMPSON IS DR. THOMPSON; THEY BOTH DANCED. MAYBE THAT'S HOW GRANDFATHER WON, SITTING OUT DANCES.



I GUESS YOU RECOGNIZE GRANDFATHER; HE'S THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE. THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IS DR. THOMPSON AND THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS JUDGE HUNTER. THE THREE OF THEM WERE BOYS TOGETHER AND BOTH JUDGE HUNTER AND DR. THOMPSON TRIED TO MARRY GRANDMOTHER, BUT GRANDFATHER GOT HER. DR. THOMPSON HAS BROUGHT EVERY BABY INTO THE WORLD THAT'S BEEN BORN TO THE BARBOUR FAMILY.



GRANDFATHER INSISTED I PUT A PIECE OF FILM OF HIS KNEE OPERATION IN THE ALBUM. IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MEAN ANYTHING BUT GRANDFATHER SAYS IT IS ONE OF THE GREAT OPERATIONS



REX FROME'S BIG HOUSE
WAS RIGHT NEXT TO JACK
AND BETTY'S. REX HATED
EVERYBODY. HE'S THE ONE
WHO BROKE UP UNCLE PAUL
AND CHRISTINE.



THIS IS UNCLE JACK'S WIFE, AUNT BETTY, WAY BACK WHEN THEY
WERE MARRIED. NOW THEY HAVE SIX DAUGHTERS AND AUNT
BETTY IS WORRYING ABOUT DIETING. SHE WASN'T WORRYING
ABOUT ANYTHING WHEN THIS WAS TAKEN.



I TRIED TO GET A SNAPSHOT
OF MRS. KETTLEMAN, WHO
WORKS FOR GRANDMOTHER,
BUT SHE TURNED HER BACK. SHE
SAYS PHOTOGRAPHS ARE A
SIGN OF VANITY. SO I'M VANE!*

**VAIN. Father Barlow
should have caught this in
his editing.*



PINKY TOOK THIS PICTURE THE NIGHT THE REX FROME HOUSE BURNED.
UNCLE JACK AND AUNT BETTY THOUGHT SURE THEIR HOUSE WAS
GOING TOO BUT IT DIDN'T



UNCLE PAUL'S STILL IN THE FLYING BUSINESS EVEN AFTER FLYING
THROUGH TWO WARS. I GUESS FLYING GETS IN YOUR BLOOD LIKE
WANTING TO GET MARRIED GETS IN PRACTICALLY EVERY GIRL'S BLOOD



THE SODA JERK AT THE DRUG STORE TOOK THIS PICTURE OF FOUR MEMBERS OF THE STALWART'S CLUB DURING ONE OF OUR MEETINGS. I'M THE ONE ON THE LEFT. THE BLACK COW IS THE CLUB'S OFFICIAL DRINK; IT'S A LONG DRINK IN WHICH A GIRL CAN REALLY DROWN HER SORROW. BESIDES IT TASTES GOOD.



I GUESS YOU MIGHT CALL THIS THE 'COMING OUT' OF MARGARET. IN THE TOP PICTURE IS THE WAY MOM MADE ME DRESS UNTIL SHE HAD A TALK WITH JERRY. NEXT IS THE KIND OF CLOTHES I WEAR NOW THAT MOM HAS 'SEEN THE LIGHT'. AND DOWN FRONT IS MY SECRET. I HAVE THIS BATHING SUIT HIDDEN DOWN 'UNDER EVERYTHING' IN MY BOTTOM BUREAU DRAWER. MAYBE IF MOM KEEPS ON 'BEING EDUCATED', WHY BY NEXT



HERE IS UNCLE CLIFFORD
WITH ANDY WHEN HE...
ANDY, I MEAN... WAS
A BABY. ANDY IS 12
NOW AND THINKS GIRLS
ARE AWFUL.

PENNY, AUNT CLAUDIA
AND UNCLE NICKY'S
LITTLE GIRL, IS ONLY 13
NOW. SHE'S NOT EVEN IN
HIGH SCHOOL. HERE SHE
WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD.



We LOVE Mr. Morse
Penny - Claudia - Aunt



GRANDFATHER USED TO SPEND LOTS OF
TIME IN HIS GARDEN, UNTIL HE HAD SO
MUCH TROUBLE WITH HIS KNEE.



UNCLE PAUL USED TO
HAVE A LOT OF FUN WITH
JACK AND BETTY WHEN
THEY WERE GROWING UP.
BOATS...UGH.

GRANDMOTHER SAYS THIS
IS ONE OF HER FAVORITE
PICTURES OF HAZEL,
CLIFFORD AND JACK,
TAKEN LONG BEFORE JACK
EVEN DREAMED OF HAVING
SIX DAUGHTERS.





WHEN PINKY FOUND OUT THIS YACHT BELONGED TO EUNICE'S MOTHER AND FATHER, HE DECIDED SHE WAS PRETTY SNAZZY.



EUNICE'S FATHER, THE BIG BUSINESS TYCOON, WHO GAVE PINKY A JOB IN HIS LUMBER CAMP.



THIS IS EUNICE HIGBEE. PINKY SPENT SO MUCH TIME WITH HER THAT HE FLUNKED OUT OF STANFORD.



PINKY JOINED THE NAVY WHEN EUNICE BECAME ENGAGED TO BROOKS WEATHERWAX III. THAT WAS THE LAST STRAW.

THE STANFORD QUAD IS A MIGHTY PRETTY PLACE, BUT PINKY DIDN'T SEE MUCH OF IT. HE LEFT STANFORD AFTER A MONTH OR SO.

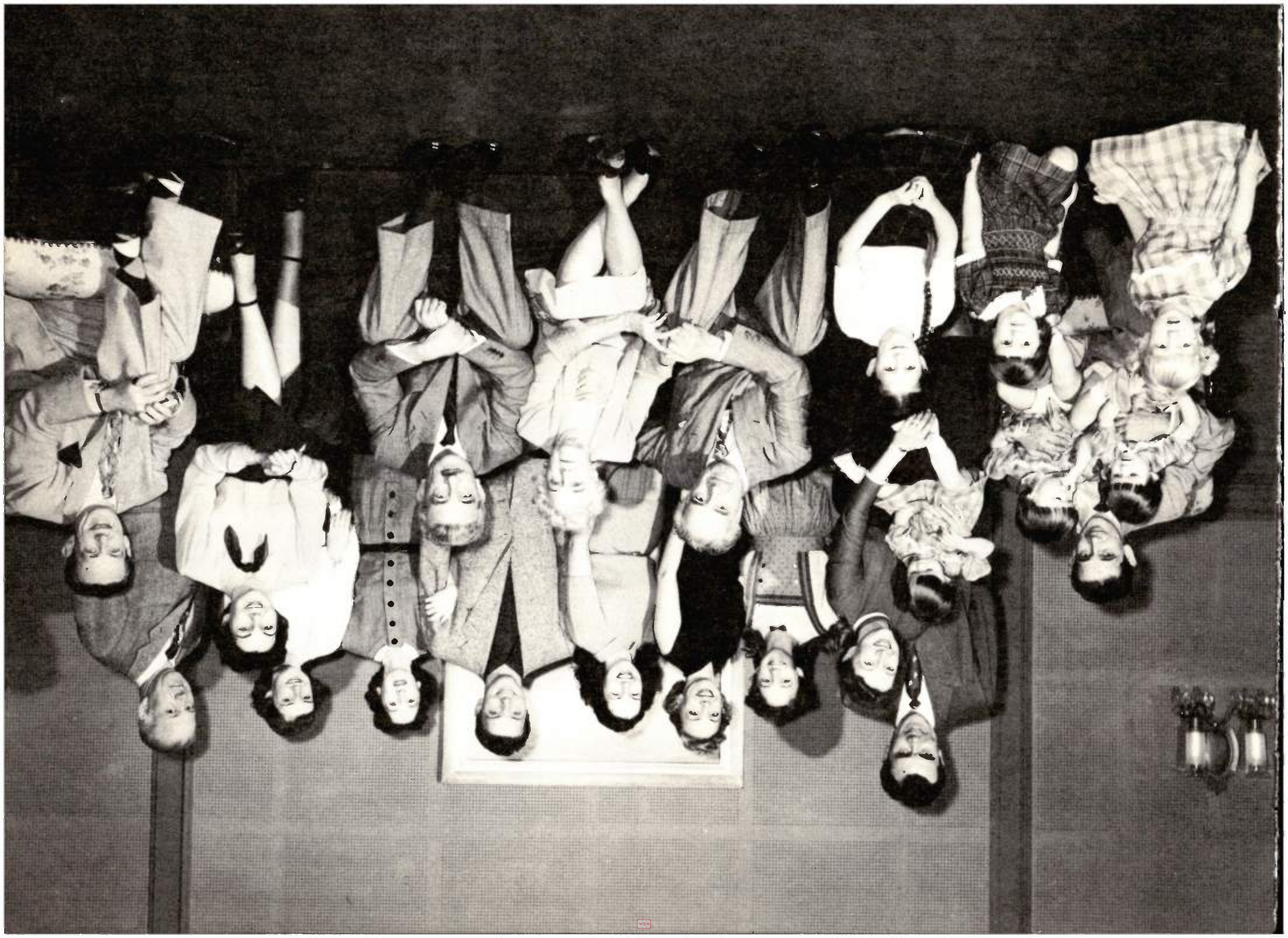




NEXT PAGE IS THE PICTURE PINKY TOOK OF ALL OF US LAST MAY WHEN WE WERE CELEBRATING GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDFATHER BARBOUR'S FIFTY-FOURTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

SITTING ON THE SOFA ARE GRANDFATHER, GRANDMOTHER, AND PAUL. SEE JACK AND BETTY HOLDING THE TRIPLETS, WITH JANIE, MARY LOU AND ELIZABETH SHARON ANN IN FRONT OF THEM. IN BACK OF BETTY IS NICKY. THEN GOING ALONG TO THE RIGHT ARE PENNY AND CLAUDIA AND JOAN. NEXT COMES THE MURRAY HOUSEHOLD... MY BROTHER HANK (PINKY TOOK THE PICTURE), MY MOTHER, ME AND MY STEPDAD, DAN. IN FRONT OF DAN IS TEDDY, UNCLE PAUL'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER, AND UNCLE CLIFFORD.

MY, BUT WE'RE A BIG FAMILY, AREN'T WE?



Pacific Ocean

CLAUDIA'S HOUSE

WHERE FROME HOUSE BURNED

BARBOUR FAMILY HOME

GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

JACK and BETTY'S HOUSE

MAP OF
Seacliff

CHURCH

SCHOOL

GROCERY STORE

DRUG STORE

HAZEL'S HOUSE



Scrap Book

Jack Barbour

JACK BARBOUR

Dear Friend:

I'm certainly glad I kept these clippings and things - didn't know they'd be interesting to so many people when I did it. It's a pleasure to send this souvenir of "One Man's Family" to you.

I suppose your sending for my scrap book means you enjoy the program - which brings up a point. As you know, we can continue to put the program on the air only if you who enjoy it will buy Tender Leaf Tea. I'm not exactly a tea salesman, I guess, but that's the truth about the program staying on the air. Everybody thinks it's fine tea, too, so you get your money's worth - it's just a matter of remembering to buy the right tea - and that's Tender Leaf Tea.

Thank you again, very much.

Sincerely,

Jack Barbour





Here are all us Barbours, the way we are now.
But I want my scrap book to start at
the beginning—so here goes.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED

PATTISON-JENNINGS: James Pattison, 22,
and Miss Jennings, 20, both of Oakland.

BARBOUR-MARTIN Henry Barbour, 22,
and Emily Martin, 18, both of San Francisco.

PHILLIPS-JONES: Ray Phillips, 34, and
Daisy Jones, 24, both of Monterey.

Mother and Dad's marriage license
notice, May 10, 1896.

BIRTHS .

BARBOUR—In San Francisco, June 4, to Mr.
and Mrs. Henry Barbour, 1403 California
Street . . . a son, Paul

Paul's birth notice — 1897—

BIRTHS

BARBOUR—In San Francisco, August 1
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barbour, 1721 Sa
mento St. . . . twins, a son, Clifford, a
daughter, Claudia.

1912 — Long time betw

BIRTHS

BARBOUR—In San Francisco, March 11, to
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barbour, 1403 Cali
fornia Street . . . a daughter, Hazel.

Hazel's birth notice — 1900.

BIRTHS

BARBOUR—In San Francisco, January 18, to
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barbour, 1041 Cali
fornia Street, a son, Jack.

1917—this is when I came into picture.
Almost didn't get here at all—

Montgomery Street Gets New Stock and Bond House

The new Henry Barbour Stock and Bond Brokerage House opened its doors to clients this morning at 210 Montgomery Street. Barbour, known for his conservative policies and long an influential figure in the financial district, severed his connection with the house of Brenton and Taylor last spring in anticipation of opening his own brokerage office.



Europe El rta

Dividend Actions

From Financial Page, 1912.

WOUNDED

MAJOR CURTIS RICH—CAPT RICHARD
SEVERNS—FIRST LIEUTENANT
PAUL BARBOUR—SGT NICK
GARDNER—CORP JESSE FARLEY
—PRIVATE JOE TAYLOR—PRIVATE
MURRAY SMITH—PRIVATE JOHN
S. DAILY—PRIVATE HENRY
HARTLEY—PRIVATE JAMES
GREY—PRIVATE HAROLD HOLMES.

*From S.F. Chronicle,
World War Casualty list
of July 14, 1918.*

Wounded Ace Returns

***Barbour, Decorated for
Valor, now in S. F.***

Paul Barbour, San Francisco World-War flier, returned to his home here yesterday after service in the American Air Forces during the War. Wounded in the left leg when shot down in an air battle, Barbour was decorated with the Croix de Guerre.

*July 17, 1919. Paul has had to walk
with a cane ever since—*



SAN FRANCISCO ACE SHOT DOWN OVER ST. MIHIEL AREA

**Paul Barbour
Seriously Injured**

First Lieutenant Paul Barbour, son of Henry Barbour, stock broker of 1041 California Street, was reported shot down and seriously wounded in an aerial "dog fight" on the Western Front near the St. Mihiel area, according to official dispatches which reached San Francisco yesterday. Young Barbour was enlisted from San Francisco and was one of the first American fliers to reach the war zone. His record has been exceptional and it is rumored that he has been recommended for the Croix de Guerre.

*Yeah, and he GOT the
medal too. From the
S.F. News, Aug. 4, 1918*

June 29, -18

"Paul and I were married to-day!
 It was a rash thing to do in
 the midst of the death and
 destruction going on about us here
 in France: a rash thing and the
 loveliest. Paul, a flyer; and flyers
 dying faster than they can be
 brought up from the rear, and
 me a nurse in a first-aid hospital
 just behind the lines, where shells
 and contagion are with us almost
 constantly. This afternoon we slipped
 away to what is left of the little
 church in the nearby French village
 and the old, old priest said all
 that was necessary. It was over so
 soon and yet it made all the
 difference in the world. Sam Paul's
 wife: Mrs. Paul Barbour, and it doesn't
 seem to matter if the war lasts
 forever now."

Two weeks after this was written, Paul was shot down
 and Elaine Hunter died of one of the contagious she
 wrote about. I guess that's why Paul acts as though he
 was sick, way down inside. Paul has the rest of her diary.
 All the pages have come apart. He said I could have this
 one for my Scrap book—



CLAUDIA BARBOUR, and her twin
 brother Cliff Barbour, of Sea Cliff,
 judged "the most charming couple"
 in the competition at the Fresh Air
 Fund Ball held last night at the St.
 Francis.

Society Page, December 20, 1930

U. C. STUDENTS ELOPE TO RENO

MISS CLAUDIA BARBOUR, 19,
 and Johnny Roberts, 21, both stu-
 dents of the University of Cali-
 fornia, were married in Reno last
 Thursday, it was announced to-
 day by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bar-
 bour, of Sea Cliff, parents of the

bride. Young Roberts is the only
 son of John Roberts, Sr., one of
 the most influential figures in the
 development of the San Francisco
 peninsula.

The run-away marriage fol-
 lowed a whirlwind campus ro-

mance. The families of both the
 bride and groom stated that the
 elopement came as a complete
 surprise. For the present, the
 young couple will live at the Bar-
 bour home in Sea Cliff.

Yeah, and if it hadn't been for Paul there would
 have been an annulment right on top of it. That's
 how mad Dad was. Above, May 6, 1931—



BRIDE IN SURPRISE MARRIAGE

MRS. JOHN ROBERTS, JR., the former Claudia Barbour, whose run-away marriage to young Roberts last Thursday stirred undergraduate circles at the University of California. She is shown with her younger brother, Jack Barbour.

Surprise is right. Anyway, yours truly made the Society Page on May 7, 1931

Reports are prevalent that the Johnny Roberts (she was Claudia Barbour) have separated. Their U. C. campus romance, and elopement to Reno eight months ago, excited certain Bay Region circles. Neither family will comment on the possible separation. The groom has left the Barbour residence in Sea Cliff, where the newlyweds have been residing, but his whereabouts are not known.



*From a gossip column in the Peninsula paper, Dec. 10, 1931.
We didn't know where Johnny was either —*

Bride of 8 Months Injured in Stair Fall

Mrs. John Roberts, Jr., the former Claudia Barbour, was rushed to Dante Hospital yesterday evening, after falling down a flight of stairs at the Sea Cliff home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barbour. An emergency operation, made necessary by her accident, was performed by Dr. Fred Thompson, the family physician. At the hospital it was reported that Mrs. Roberts' condition was not dangerous.

From S.F. Chronicle, December 13, 1931.

*If Johnny hadn't left, this wouldn't have happened.
Was she hasn't either Johnny or the baby*

SAILS FOR HONOLULU

Miss Hazel Barbour, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barbour, of Sea Cliff, sailed today on the Malola for a vacation of several months in the Hawaiian Islands. Miss Barbour's father is a well-known figure on Montgomery Street.

From Shipping Page of S.F. News, January 5, 1932. There's no getting along with Hazel these days. She hates herself and everybody else. Paul says it's because she ought to get married and can't find a husband —



RETURNS HOME

MISS HAZEL BARBOUR of this city, snapped on the Beach at Waikiki during a six weeks' vacation in Honolulu. She returned home aboard the President McKinley this week.

February 11, 1932. Gosh, what a change in Hazel. She met a fellow over there, an artist or something. I don't know what he did to her, but it sure WORKED. And here's something else: Paul ran into a fellow named Bill Herbert who used to fly in the war with him. He's got a ranch down the Peninsula and he met Hazel last night. He couldn't take his eyes off her —

SEARCH FOR ROBERTS HEIR NOW WORLD WIDE

John Roberts, Burlingame financier, told reporters yesterday that the search for his 22-year old son, John Roberts, Jr., has assumed world-wide proportions

Roberts, Jr., disappeared four months ago, following a reported estrangement from his wife, Claudia Barbour Roberts. Believing that young Roberts' absence was a temporary one, his family made no immediate attempt to locate him

"Now, however," says Mr. Roberts, "due to the length of time Johnny has been gone and to his mother's serious illness, which has been aggravated by his disappearance, I have instituted a world-wide search. I still feel that my son is all right, but I can't understand why the boy doesn't communicate with us."

and doesn't think anything's the matter I now she's getting over the hurt, she's thinking about a divorce — March 2, 1932

Marriage License Issued

HERBERT-BARBOUR: William Herbert, 35, San Mateo County, and Hazel Barbour, 32, of San Francisco.

From S.F. Chronicle, May 7, 1932. Hazel and Bill were married May 14, at the church. Hazel didn't act too happy. I think she's still remembering that painter guy in the Islands —



I snapped this one of Bill Herbert down at his dairy ranch. Hazel sure got a swell guy when she married HIM —



GUESTS AT CARMEL RESORT

PAUL BARBOUR and Miss Beth Holly, both of San Francisco, who were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Sinclair of Carmel the past week-end

From paper, May 17, 1932. Paul's been going around with Miss Holly an awful lot lately. Gosh I'd hate to see Paul get married —

MISSING FRISCO MAN FOUND WOUNDED IN CHINA: WIFE SAILS

Mrs. Claudia Barbour Roberts received word yesterday that her husband, John Roberts, Jr., of San Francisco and the Peninsula was found seriously wounded in a native hospital at Tientsin, China, where he had been removed from the Oriental Civil War area. Since his separation from his wife and his mysterious disappearance from this city seven months ago, Roberts has been the object of a world-wide search.

Reports from Tientsin indicate that young Roberts, on his disappearance from this city, sailed to China, where he enlisted in the Chinese National Army, and that several weeks ago he was wounded during a battle with rebel forces to the east.

Mrs. Roberts, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. John Roberts, Sr., sailed today for the Orient.

Friends of the young couple believe that upon young Mrs. Roberts' arrival in Tientsin a reconciliation with her husband will be effected.

Wife Goes to China to Join Husband: Returns Widow:

By Marjorie Lovekin

The Pacific liner, Lurline, which three months ago carried a young San Francisco wife to China for a happy reconciliation with her husband, whom she had not seen in six months, brought her home again yesterday, not a wife but a widow.

Last June, Mrs. Johnny Roberts (Claudia Barbour) learned that her husband from whom she had been separated, lay wounded in a Tientsin hospital from Chinese revolutionary bullets. With young Roberts' parents, she sailed immediately for the Orient, arriving in time to make her love known and speed him on the road to recovery.

According to the young man's parents, a complete understanding was re-established between the young couple, resulting in Johnny's recovering from his wounds more quickly than had been expected. As a matter of fact, three weeks after Claudia came, Johnny was up and about.

Another two weeks was spent in improving his health for traveling back to the United States. These were indeed happy moments for the young couple. And then fate stepped in. Two days before the appointed sailing date, young Roberts, weakened by his wounds, was struck down with pneumonia.

Two days later he was dead.

And that is how it came about that the young wife who sailed from here on such a happy mission returns home a widow,

*September 17, 1932. Poor little sister
She hasn't had any luck since she married Johnny—*

*in S.F. News, June 6, 1932. And
Claudia excited. She's been moping
and for months and when she heard about
my she acted like she was crazy—*

BIRTHS

HERBERT—In San Francisco, January 29, to Mr. and Mrs. William Herbert, San Mateo County dairy rancher, twin sons, Martin Henry and William Barbour.

BIRTHS

ROBERTS—In San Francisco, May 3, to Mrs. Claudia Barbour Roberts, widow of John Roberts, Jr., a daughter, Joan.

*in Chronicle, January 30, 1933. TWINS!
you imagine that. Was Bill's face red—*

*From Chronicle, May 4, 1933. the important th
about this was that Johnny Roberts' mother ha
sick since their return from China. She lived just
enough to see the baby after it was born and then
she died, the same night—*

MOTHER-IN-LAW LEAVES FORTUNE TO SON'S WIDOW

A fortune estimated at \$350,000 of Mrs. John Roberts, Sr., her entire personal estate, was willed to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Claudia Barbour Roberts, the widow of her son, Johnny, and to their infant daughter, Joan. The estate is to be administered by John Roberts, Sr.

*in SF News, July 21, 1933. Dad
hates the idea of Claudia having
this money. He says it makes her too
dependent, and who knows WHAT a
her age will do with all that money —*

FATHER AND DAUGHTER



PAUL BARBOUR, famous war ace, and his new daughter **Teddy**, receiving congratulations from Judge Glen Hunter following the adoption proceedings in Judge Hunter's court which made Barbour the legal father of the little girl.

World War Ace Adopts Orphan

by Marion Malone

LITTLE TEDDY LAWTON, 9, didn't have either a father or a mother and that was rather tragic, especially when it was her avowed belief that "fathers were the most important thing in the world."

But Paul Barbour, world-war flyer, who lives at the family home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barbour in Sea Cliff, came to know Teddy. And if Teddy thought "fathers were important," Barbour thought the same about daughters.

And so today Teddy and Paul went down to the court of Judge Glen Hunter, friend of the Barbour family, and were made officially father and daughter.

SAILING



MRS. JOHN ROBERTS, the former Claudia Barbour, sailed today on the liner **President Hoover** for an extended vacation in England and on the Continent. Sailing with Mrs. Roberts were her year-old daughter, Joan, and Miss Beth Holly.

From S.F. News Shipping Page, June 8, 1934. The trouble between Claudia and Dad over the inheritance from John's mother is the reason for her leaving. I guess it'll be a good thing for her to get away awhile —



JOINS FATHER'S FIRM

CLIFFORD BARBOUR, former University of California student, has given up his studies to enter the **Henry Barbour Stock and Bond Brokerage House**.

*August 30, 1933. Gosh sakes,
what are we going to do with
other GIRL around the house?*

*From Financial Page, August 10, 1934. Dad
tried to get Cliff to finish college but he wouldn't —*



Aug. 14 - 34

Dear Paul.

My love to you and all the family and Beth sends her love too. We are having a glorious time and all of us are well including my ducky baby Joan.

On the boat coming over we met a good-looking young Englishman, Captain Nicholas Lacey (his father is a baronet or something) who is completing a round the world trip for his health. He is an officer in the British Army in India and was in a recent uprising.

Well anyway, we haven't been able to get rid of him since we arrived in London, and next week Beth and I are to have a week-end at his family's in Devonshire, wherever that is.

It isn't serious, darling, because — well, I can't get over Johnny but he is nice. Beth is so sweet and helpful with Joan I don't



This is a picture I snapped of Bill and his cows down at the dairy ranch, when I was working down there last summer —

I switched this page from Paul for my scrap book. Wished I could have got the whole letter —

Broker Home From Europe

Henry Barbour, San Francisco broker, and Mrs Barbour returned today from a quick trip to Europe. Returning with them were their daughter, Claudia, and infant granddaughter, Joan.

San Francisco Broker, Wife Leave For Europe

Mr and Mrs Henry Barbour sailed yesterday for Paris to join their daughter, Mrs Claudia Barbour Roberts, who has been residing there for the past few months.

From News Shipping Page, November 30, 1934.
It's all made up between Claud and Dad and everybody's happy —

From Chronicle, October 27, 1934. Dad's conscience has been hurting him about Claudia. They've gone to bring her home —

Notice of Intention to Wed

LACEY-ROBERTS: Sir Nicholas Lacey, 28, of London, England, and Claudia Barbour Roberts, 23, of Sea Cliff, San Francisco.

Chronicle, June 5, 1935. That Englishman followed Claud all the way from England and then was called back to duty in the Army. He resigned from the Army and came back about a month ago and now he and Claud are engaged. Oh, yes, his father dies so now HE'S a Baronet himself—

MARRIAGE LICENSE ISSUED

LACEY-ROBERTS: Nicholas Lacey, Bart., 28, of London, England, and Claudia Barbour Roberts, 23, of San Francisco.

June 14, 1935. Well they were married on June 24 th. Nicky's turned out to be a swell guy. He's bought a horse ranch down the Peninsula in the mountains and they're going to call it the Sky Ranch—

UNITED IN MARRIAGE



CAPTAIN NICHOLAS LACEY, BART., and Claudia Barbour Roberts, were united last evening in a simple wedding ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barbour of Sea Cliff. The Rev. Dr. J. C. McArthur officiated. Lady Lacey, the former Miss Claudia Barbour, is the widow of John Roberts, Jr.

*From Society Page, June 25, 1935.
Cliff was Nicky's best man—*



ON HONEYMOON VOYAGE

Sir Nicholas Lacey and his wife, the former Claudia Barbour, photographed on shipboard yesterday as they sailed from San Francisco for England, where Captain Lacey recently inherited a title and large estates.

Skippy Takes a Bath, Barbour Takes Prize



First prize in the Chronicle's Amateur Photography Contest has been won by Jack Barbour, 18, of Sea Cliff. Barbour saw his niece, Joan Roberts, bathing her dog, Skippy, spotted a picture possibility, and collected the \$50. Second prize was won by

San Francisco Chronicle, June 25, 1935

Chronicle, September 29, 1935. Not only won the prize but little luck to last. What do the mean AMATEUR photographer?



POLICE INVESTIGATE HER FATHER'S DEATH

Miss Marian Galloway, daughter of Myron Galloway, whose death at his home yesterday is the subject of a police investigation. Miss Galloway is a popular member of the younger set and an ardent tennis enthusiast.

Young Barbour Leaves Father's Bond House

Clifford Barbour, who for the past year and a half has been associated with the Barbour brokerage firm on Montgomery Street, has severed connections with the business, according to information given out today by his father, Henry Barbour. Young Barbour's future plans are not known

— Financial page,
October 13, 1935. Dad fired
him because he wants Cliff to
get out in the world and see
if he can make a living on
his own —



I snapped this one down at the
Sky Ranch. Gosh but Joan's
growing and I HATE being
called "Uncle Jack" —

From News, January 10, 1935. Mr. Galloway
was treasurer of Dad's brokerage office. He
committed suicide after losing Dad a lot of money.
Cliff has been going around with Marian —



PENINSULA WELCOMES TITLED NEWCOMERS

Lady Claudia Lacey and her daughter, Joan Roberts, who recently became residents of the Peninsula when Captain Nicholas Lacey, Bart., acquired a large acreage. The new estate has been turned into a farm for thoroughbred horses and is to be known as the Sky Ranch.



MARRIED IN EAST

Miss Beth Holly, of San Francisco, whose New York marriage to Philip Spencer, Broadway millionaire, was recently reported here.

October 7, 1935. Can you figure such
a girl? Going with Paul for almost five years
and then up and marrying a guy she used
to know when she was a kid —

OLD MISSION THEATRE

CITY OF THE DEAD

A Mystery Melodrama in Three Acts

Cast of Characters in order of their appearance

MAID Jenny Regan
 BUTLER..... Anthony Peary
 DR. JORDAN.... Craig Ritter
 MARGARET JORDAN..... Lucille Porter
 JOHNNY CARTER..... Fred Greig
 MRS. FAY TUCKER..... Marie Boston
 FIRST BURGLAR..... John Parson
 SECOND BURGLAR..... Clifford Barbour

ACT I

Evening—The Jordan Living Room

ACT II

Two nights later—An abandoned graveyard

ACT III

Next morning—Same as Act I.



PREPARING FOR ANNUAL RACE

Two of the entrants in the S. F. News annual model sailboat races which will be held on Stow Lake in Golden Gate Park on August 5. Teddy and Jack Barbour try out their favorite boats assisted by Paul Barbour.

From S.F. News, July 17, 1934—

Is it true that the gold-plated millionaire, Philip Spencer, and his lovely San Francisco bride of a few weeks, Beth Holly, have found thorns in their bed of roses? Spencer's fourth noble experiment is said to be looking longingly toward Reno.

From a syndicated gossip column, November 18, 1935, Paul's been feeling in the dumps ever since Beth married Spencer. This piece of news hasn't helped him any—

Cliff's first appearance on the stage. Bill and Hazel, Claud and Nicky and Betty Carter and I went to see him. Pretty doggone good, even if he WAS only the second burglar—

Reno Bound?

Mrs. Phillip Spencer, the former Beth Holly, of this city, returned from New York to San Francisco today. Mrs. Spencer, who became the fourth wife of the Broadway millionaire in New York two months ago, refused to comment on the rumors of an immediate Reno divorce.

Chronicle, December 21, 1935. I hear Paul is seeing her when he comes home from his flying trip



HENRY BARBOUR B.1875
(STOCK BROKER)



FANNY MARTIN B.1878
M.1896

FIVE CHILDREN

TWINS



PAUL B.1897
(WAR ACE, WRITER
FLYING INSTRUCTOR)



HAZEL B.1900



WM. HERBERT
M.1932



CLAUDIA B.1912



JOHN ROBERTS
M.1931 D.1933



CAPT. N. LACEY
M.1935 (LATE OF
HIS MAJESTY'S
INDIAN ARMY.
THOROUGHBRED
HORSE BREEDER)



CLIFFORD B.1912
(STILL SEEKING
HIS NICHE IN
LIFE)



JACK B.1917
(STUDENT AT
STANFORD U.
AT PALO ALTO, CAL.)



TEDDY LAWTON
(ADOPTED CHILD)
BORN 1925
ADOPTED 1933

TWINS



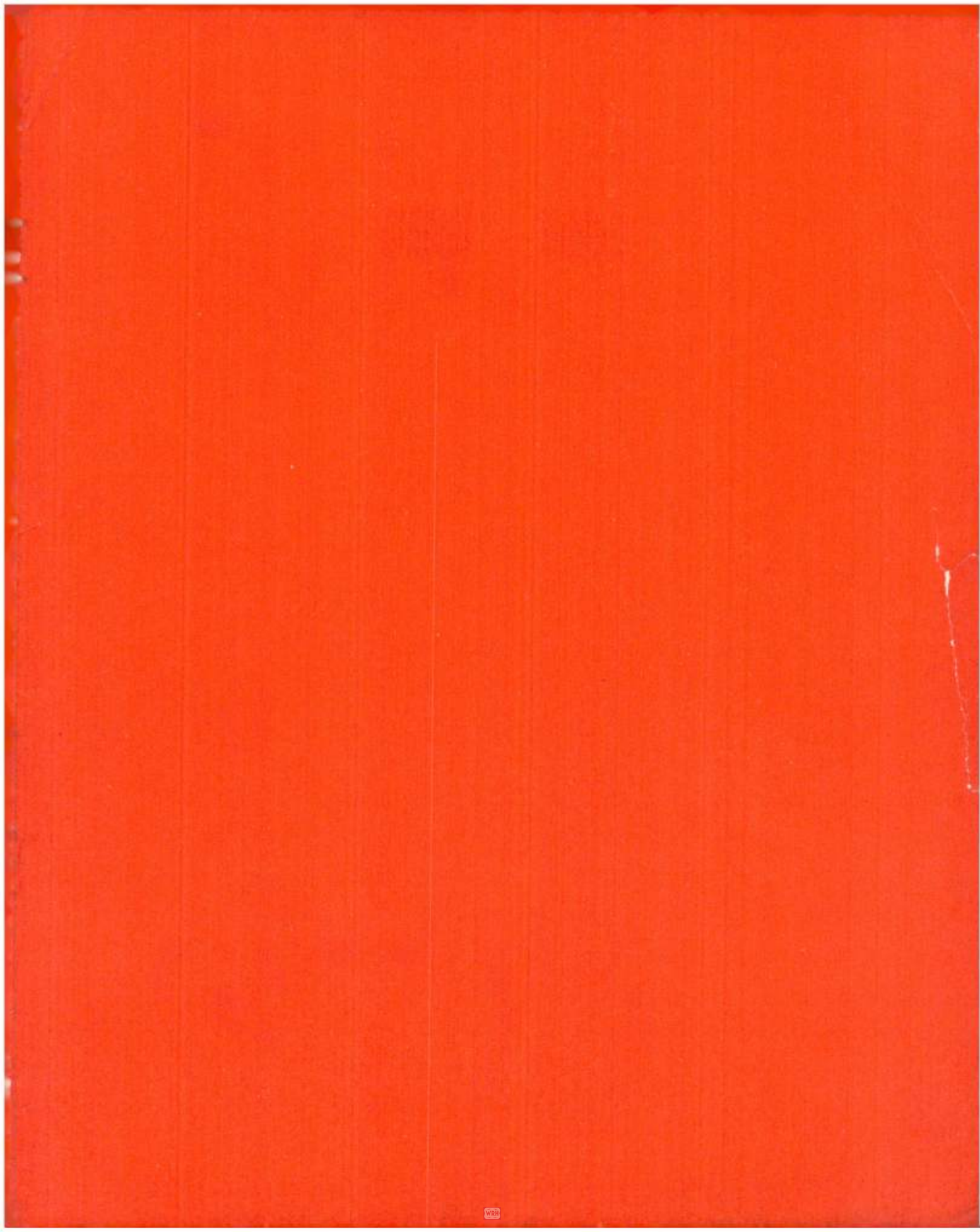
MARTIN HENRY
B.1933
(HANK)

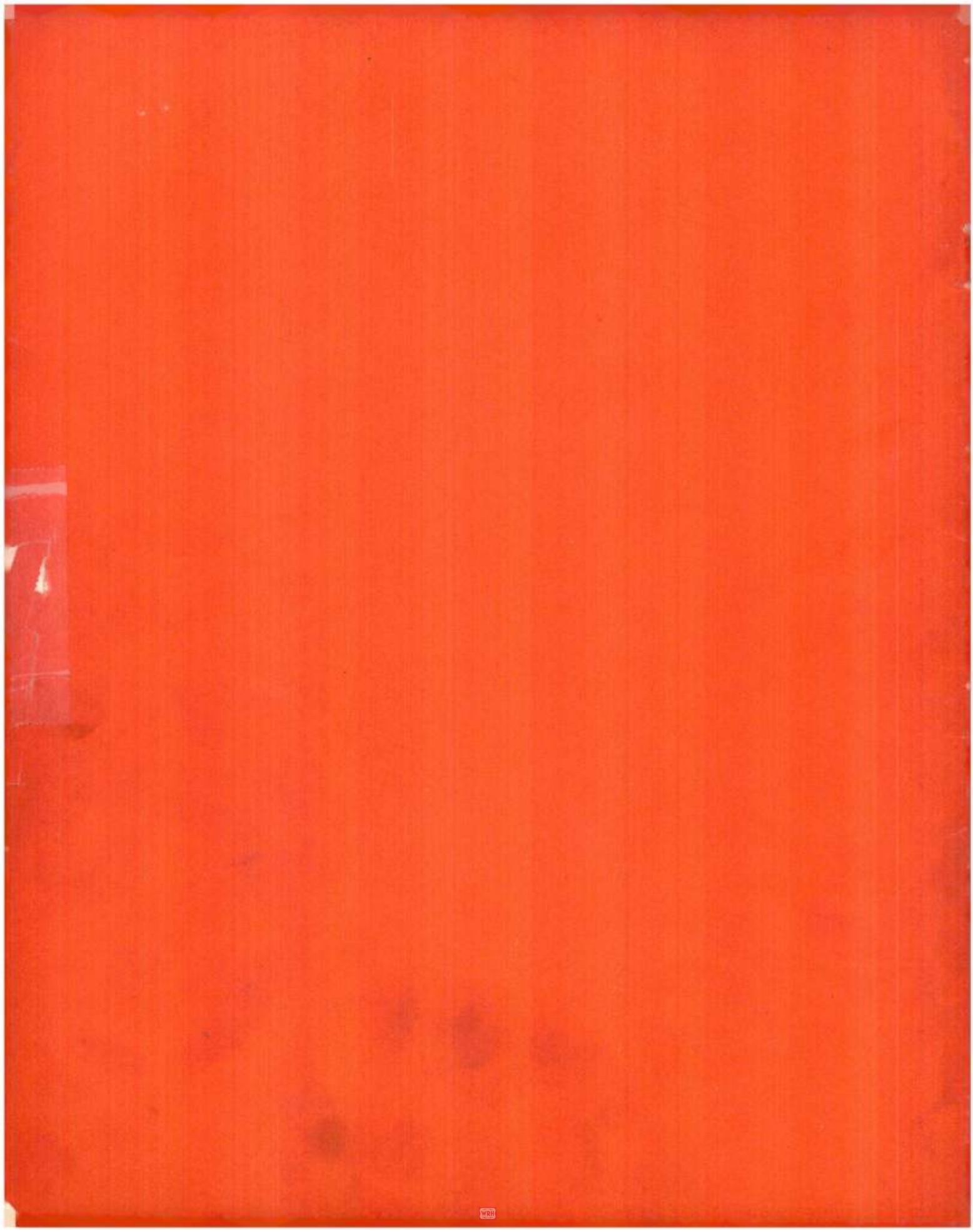


WM. BARBOUR
B. 1933
(PINK)



JOAN B.1933





The DREAM IN MY HEART

Music by **EDNA FISCHER**
Lyric by **JOE THOMPSON**

*Featured in the
NBC Coast-to-Coast Program
"ONE MAN'S FAMILY"*



ANN WAITE



JACK

CAPT. NICKY

CLAUDIA



PAUL



HAZEL



CLIFFORD

MOTHER
AND FATHER
BARBOUR



The Dream In My Heart

Featured in the NBC Program
"ONE MAN'S FAMILY"

Lyric by
JOE THOMPSON

Music by
EDNA FISCHER

With expression

PIANO

VOICE



Mis - er - y is no name for it, This mark - ing

p



time; Not sure who's to blame for it, But

* Symbols are for Banjo, Ukulele and Guitar

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think - ing is no crime. A pen - ny for my thought or

two? Well, I might as well con - fess to you. —

rit.

CHORUS

You've tak - en the dream in my heart, A - wak - ened the

con amore

dream in my heart That some day — my love will be real. —

Your smile makes the doubt in my heart Just

seem to go out of my heart; I see a new

Life for Two

life for two, hap - pi - ness i - deal.

D7 G Bb7

The two are you and I, — Could it ever be? Just

you and me, Con - stant - ly! I

won - der if some - thing will stop my heart from

ach - ing, Mak - ing the dream in my heart come
ten. ten.

1. *E $\flat$* *E $\flat$ dim.* *B $\flat$ sus. 4* *B $\flat$ +* 2. *E $\flat$ 6*
 true. You've true.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass clefs). Chord diagrams for guitar are provided above the vocal line for various chords: F7, Fm7, Abm6, Bb7, G7, Cm, Bb7, Fm, and Eb6. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a common time signature (C). There are repeat signs and first/second endings indicated by '1.' and '2.'.

S-736-4 The Dream etc.

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Speak To Me Of Love

(Parlez-Moi D'amour)

American Version by
BRUCE SIEVER

By arrangement with Ascherberg,
Hopwood & Crow Ltd.

French Words and Music by
JEAN LENOIR

Refrain



Speak to me of love and say what I'm long-ing to
Par - lez - moi d'a - mour, Re - di - tes moi des cho - ses



hear, ————— Ten - der words of love re -
ten - dres. Vo - tre beau dis - cours, Mon



peat them a - gain I im - plore you, Speak to
coeur n'est pas las de l'en - ten - dre. Pour - vu

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