

20 MILLION  
READERS  
EVERY  
MONTH

NOVEMBER 1979

# Good Housekeeping

\$1.25

BARGAIN!  
BIGGEST ISSUE OF THE YEAR!  
196 COLOR PICTURES



**Exclusive**  
**PRINCESS**  
**GRACE'S**  
charming  
new book  
of flowers

**10 pages!**  
**THE COMPLETE**  
**TURKEY COOKBOOK**

**"We advertised for**  
**a baby...and got one!"**

**MEDICAL TESTS**  
A save-your-  
life book

**Start today!**  
**How to take**  
**10 years off**  
**your figure**

**SNOOPY**  
**FESTIVAL!**  
Make clothes  
for America's  
favorite dog

Sew  
Cristina  
Ferrare's  
holiday  
fashions

**70 pretty gifts**  
**you can make for**  
**Christmas**

**Complete: The**  
**most romantic novel**  
**since "Love Story"**





# Carolyn's Impossible Dream

All she ever wanted was to fall in love, marry and have a baby. It is a very ordinary dream for any girl... but not for sweet Carolyn

By Nilah Rodgers

Barbara Mantooth  
and her daughter, Carolyn.



**B**arbara Mantooth was certain she was watching a miracle take place. That was the only word she could think of as she watched her 20-year-old daughter Carolyn, radiantly beautiful in a blush-colored organza wedding gown, marry Don Mask.

After the ceremony, Barbara had trouble holding back the tears when Carolyn and Don walked back up the aisle to start a new life together—just like any other bride and groom. But Carolyn and Don did not have a whole lifetime stretching before them. From the day she was born, Carolyn had been haunted by an incurable digestive and lung disease. She was a victim of cystic fibrosis.

The first of two daughters born to Barbara and her first husband, Jarold Jones, Carolyn failed to gain weight as an infant. She ran a low-grade temperature almost constantly. She was often sick with bad colds, and her chest rattled with pneumonia.

A pediatrician diagnosed Carolyn's ill health as celiac, a childhood disease characterized by diarrhea and malnutrition. Doctors predicted she would outgrow the problem at age six or seven. Barbara found comfort in the diagnosis, yet the symptoms alarmed her.

One day, while Barbara was reading a magazine, an article about cystic fibrosis caught her attention. It was written by a doctor whose own child suffered from the disease. As she read about the

symptoms, which mirrored Carolyn's, Barbara was frightened.

The article said that children with cystic fibrosis tasted salty. Not only did Carolyn taste salty when Barbara kissed her, salt flakes formed across her forehead. Immediately, Barbara phoned her family doctor. When she entered his office, she was carrying both Carolyn and the magazine.

The doctor read the article and told Barbara to take her little girl to Scott and White Hospital in Temple, Texas, for an examination. Doctors there immediately confirmed her worst suspicions.

"I'm sorry," the specialist said, "your daughter has cystic fibrosis. There is no cure. From what we know now, she won't live to be school age. I'm truly sorry."

"Yes she will!" Barbara cried. "Just you watch." She sat motionless while the doctor explained that cystic fibrosis is inherited, which meant that Barbara and her husband *each* must be carriers of the genes for the disease and that Carolyn had inherited them. When the doctor also explained that there is a one-in-four chance of *each* child she had having cystic fibrosis, Barbara thanked God for Carolyn's younger sister, Debbie, and for Debbie's good health. As for Carolyn, Barbara would do everything possible to provide a normal, full life—however short—for this beautiful little girl.

Carolyn was very brave about her illness. Because her chest often filled with mucus, her mother had

to perform postural drainage. When it was time, Carolyn would silently lie down on a slant board. Then Barbara would cup her hands and strike Carolyn's chest to loosen trapped mucus. Carolyn even learned to take and record her own temperature. She willingly ate yogurt and drank buttermilk to replace enzymes her antibiotic medications killed. She obediently slept under a special tent to ease her breathing and reduce the danger of contracting pneumonia.

One day, when a friend saw the tent folded away in Carolyn's closet, she asked, "What's that?"

"Oh, that's just some old thing mother uses when she irons," Carolyn answered with a laugh.

Overhearing the remark, Barbara realized how deftly Carolyn balanced the abnormal aspects of her life—the tent, drainage, frequent hospitalizations—with normal relationships with her sister and friends and with a variety of activities. To the outside world, Carolyn appeared to be no different from any other child. And she was determined to keep it that way.

Carolyn was about eight years old the first time she asked Barbara, "Mother, why am I always sick and in the hospital?"

"Well, it's something like your sister's allergy shots," Barbara said. "Debbie takes shots to stop her sneezing and watery eyes. You go to the hospital to keep from having pneumonia."

The question didn't come up

*continued on page 112*





### CAROLYN'S IMPOSSIBLE DREAM *continued*

again until Carolyn was 13. That was when she almost died. Barbara rushed Carolyn to the hospital. By the time they arrived, the child's lungs were so full of mucus that they were unable to get enough oxygen. The doctor warned Barbara, "She may not make it." A specialist worriedly hovered over Carolyn throughout the day and night.

But Carolyn got well again. Later she confided, "Mother, I know what's wrong with me. Years ago I found an article in your desk about cystic fibrosis. I went to the library and got books on the disease. When my time comes, just leave it to the Lord."

Barbara fought back her tears as she silently hugged her daughter.

"That's okay," Carolyn consoled. "I couldn't stand being 90 years old and wrinkled."

When Barbara and Carolyn's father separated, Carolyn took the divorce in stride. A year later when Barbara remarried, Carolyn couldn't have been happier. Now there were five teenagers in the family! Carolyn, Debbie, a new 19-year-old sister, Ann, and two brothers, Walter, 16, and Tommy, 14. In the new emotional climate, Carolyn's physical condition improved.

One day Tommy had a group of friends over to play tennis. Afterward, they sat around the kitchen snacking. From the next room Carolyn watched a handsome young man named Don Mask. She turned to Debbie and said, "See that guy there—isn't he cute?" Then she rolled her eyes and giggled.

Carolyn and Don had their first date the next week.

They dated through Carolyn's high school years. In 1970, she entered Texas Tech University where Don was a sophomore.

A few days before Christmas 1971, Carolyn came home holding her left hand behind her back. Don was by her side.

"We have something to tell you," she said to her mother, and she drew out her hand, showing off her engagement ring. Carolyn looked so happy that her mother almost cried. Barbara never thought Carolyn would live long enough to fall in love.

As though he had read Barbara's mind, Don said, "I know the seriousness of Carolyn's illness. I want you to show me how to do her postural drainage."

"We've given a great deal of thought to our futures, Mom," Carolyn said. "We have answers to any objections."

"When is the wedding?" was Barbara's response.

"During spring break," Carolyn answered.

"Good," Barbara said, "that will give us time to get ready." Already she envisioned endless parties and showers. The wedding would be the nicest they could afford.

**C**arolyn and Don honeymooned in Nassau and then moved to Montgomery, Ala., where Don started his Air Force career and Carolyn attended Auburn University. When Don was transferred to Honolulu, Carolyn took premed courses at the University of Hawaii.

Now Carolyn saw Air Force doctors. When they learned she had cystic fibrosis and she was 23 years old,



### Today's gentlest perm.

Now you can perm your hair softly to gentle, flowing curls, rich body and natural looking curves. With no fear of the frizzies. Toni Lightwaves one-step softperm is just too gentle to your hair to give you anything but a fresh, new natural look you're going to love!

### The first softperm that times itself.

The miracle of Lightwaves one-step softperm is that it times itself. The one-step softperm formula has been designed to stop waving and begin neutralizing itself at precisely the right moment, something no other perm can do.

### Unique pH formulation is the reason why.

You never have to worry about overcurl again. The latest technology from Toni has gone into Lightwaves to give you a worry-free experience. Lightwaves softperm is gentler than any other perm you can buy. A unique pH formulation acts as a self-neutralizer, stops the waving process before the frizzies can start.

### Safe even on bleached hair.

Lightwaves has been tested successfully and proved gentle on normally bleached and color-treated hair. And if it's safe enough for bleached hair, you know it will be gentle on untreated hair.

### Can't frizz. Can't overcurl.

If you've hesitated about perming because you were afraid of too much curl, hesitate no longer. Lightwaves is too gentle to overcurl. The unique one-step formula will never go too tight or frizzy, will always be gentle on your hair.

### One step. One bottle. About one hour.

For the first time ever, you can wave and neutralize your hair in just one step. Every other perm requires at least two steps. Once you've set your hair, just apply the Lightwaves solution; gentle automatic timing will do the rest. In about one hour from start to finish, you'll have natural looking curves and soft flowing curls.



© Gillette 1979

# Lightwaves™

The first self-timing softperm.  
Stops before the frizzies can start!

they became excited. Carolyn had already lived longer than most cystic-fibrosis patients.

Carolyn took up flying, scaring her instructors with her daring. She wrote poetry, painted and became active with cystic-fibrosis groups in Hawaii. She worked as a volunteer in the playroom at The Children's Clinic.

"I've never been so content and happy," Carolyn wrote her mother. "Maybe it's the peaceful atmosphere or the security of the clinic. Or maybe it is just Don and I maturing and loving and growing together.

"There is just one thing missing. I want a baby. And Don has agreed to rear the baby if something happens to me."

Reading the letter, Barbara became concerned. Was pregnancy advisable? Would Carolyn survive it?

"Let me know when it happens," Barbara wrote back. "I'll buy your first maternity outfit and I'll come to be with you."

Carolyn's Christmas card was filled with news. She would graduate with a degree in chemistry in the spring. She and Don were coming to Texas for Christmas. She saved the best news for last: "I'm pregnant!"

It was a grand Christmas. Afterward Don had to return to Hawaii, but Carolyn stayed a little longer to go skiing in Colorado with her mother and sister.

At the ski lodge, Barbara, Debbie and Carolyn shared a cabin. Carolyn was always hungry and couldn't get enough to eat. She craved crazy foods and everyone had a great time teasing her. She pushed out her tummy and walked around declaring how great she would look in maternity clothes. Never had Carolyn been so healthy and looked so pretty.

At the airport, when Carolyn was returning to Hawaii, Barbara couldn't account for her empty, strange feeling. She hugged Carolyn, then hugged her again. Walking away, she stopped to turn around, thinking, *I've got to have one last look at my daughter!*

Carolyn wrote a few weeks later that she had a cold that seemed to linger too long. Barbara, worried, phoned her. Carolyn said she might be on the verge of pneumonia and the doctors had upped her antibiotics. In February, Don called to say he had taken Carolyn to the hospital. The next Saturday he phoned again.

"Carolyn isn't doing too well," he said. "She wants to hear your voice one more time."

"Mother?" Carolyn's whisper floated across the ocean. A surge of fear and alarm shot through Barbara.

"You just keep your chin up," Barbara said. "I'll be there as soon as I can get a plane. Now don't say a word."

"I'm so glad," Carolyn whispered.

Barbara wasn't prepared for the way Carolyn looked. She was so little, her frailness so sharp; the shock made Barbara's knees weak.

They embraced, and Carolyn's lips brushed her mother's cheek. "Don't let them put me on a machine to keep me alive," Carolyn begged, hiding her pain.

This isn't happening, Barbara thought. A doctor took Don and Barbara aside. "We must wash her lungs with antibiotics," he said. "We'll have to have permission for the bronchoscope."

During the procedure, Carolyn's lungs ruptured and then there was a terrible hemorrhage.

*continued on page 114*



# America's waking up to Victorian Bouquet

Romantic. Nostalgic. Comfortably priced for bed and bath.

Here's a fresh, new floral reminiscent of an English garden—on sheets and pillowcases, draperies and a quilted bedspread. From Tastemaker. All come ready-made, ready to wake-up your bedroom with instant elegance. Also in tones of blue on bone.



Victorian Bouquet towels  
wake up your bath in style

© J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. 10038

Right now, Victorian Bouquet is being featured at stores everywhere.  
For the name of a store near you call toll free:

**800/447-4700**

(In Illinois: 800/322-4400)

# TASTEMAKER®

Home fashions at prices you can rest easy with

## CAROLYN'S IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

*continued*

A doctor came out. "There's brain damage," he said. "Do you want to put her on a respirator?" Helplessly, Don turned to Barbara, leaving the decision to her.

As if it were yesterday, Barbara could hear 13-year-old Carolyn say, "When my time comes, just leave it to the Lord. I couldn't stand to be old and wrinkled." In her mind she could see the look on the young girl's face. Carolyn had really meant it.

"No," Barbara said. "No respirator." She must match her daughter's courage. She went in and stood at Carolyn's bedside, caressing her thin hand. Such a short time ago everything seemed like a new beginning. Now she prayed, "Dear Lord, let it be over soon."

How awful it is to pray for a child to die, she thought.

At 4 A.M., February 12, 1976, a doctor said quietly, "It's over."

All through the years Barbara thought she'd readied herself for her daughter's early death. Yet now she found she was totally unprepared. She couldn't even cry.

Carolyn's body was flown home to Houston, and on Valentine's Day she was buried. For a while after the funeral, Barbara put off going back to the grave.

Finally, she made herself go. On the tombstone, below Carolyn's name, date of birth and date of death, was the poignant inscription: *You've Only Just Begun.*

Barbara cried as she remembered her daughter's wedding day—the gown, the colorful bouquet. She could hear Carolyn's mischievous laughter and see the happiness shining from her bright blue eyes.

A gentle breeze dried Barbara's tears and she smiled as she realized that a person didn't have to live a long life to leave a legacy of memories. She would remember Carolyn always—her bravery, her struggles, her beauty. And she felt proud for having had such a daughter—who never gave up on life and took from it, in such a short time, all it could possibly give. ♦

### Great American Smokeout

Join with millions of other Americans who will give up smoking for a day in the American Cancer Society's Great American Smokeout on November 15.